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JANUS, LAKE SONNETS, ETC.
AND OTHER POEMS.



Janus
Lake Sonnets &
and other Poems
BY
David Holt.



LONDON:
WICKHAM, 19, ADL'Y.
L. F. F. F. F. F.
1855.

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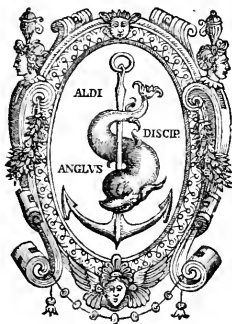
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BY DAVID HOLT.



LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, PICCADILLY.

GEORGE BELL, FLEET STREET.

1853.

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JANUS.

JANUS.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.

SHELLEY.

THE Present is a mountain-ridge in Time,
Beneath whose kingly eminence out-spread
Two vast and varied champaigns—one behind
And one before—these are the Past and Future.
The Past—that plain through which our steps have
toil'd
To gain this proud ascent—lies fair and clear
As far as mortal vision may extend,
A region built on noble human hearts,
And bearing records of heroic deeds,
Self-abnegations, glorious martyrdoms,
And great achievements for the good of man,
As monuments upon it; but the Future—

That other plain toward which our gaze is cast—
As we may see the like in nature oft,
Is densely shrouded by low-hanging mists
That roll in surging billows o'er the scene,
And hide from curious eyes of mortal man
Whate'er may lie beneath—save when at times
The mighty wind, arising, shakes the veil
Apart in spaces few and far between.
Then may be gather'd faint and partial gleams,
Vague and obscure denotements, here and there,
Of the strange picture of that under-world;
It may be some remote and dream-like hints
Of shadowy forms on the horizon's verge,
Like the proud palace-roofs and lofty marts,
The golden cupolas and minarets
Of a mighty city, over which the beams
Of a new morn are breaking—or it may be
A simple village-spire pointing to heaven,
Out of the vale of vapours, with the rays
Of the glad sun kissing the ancient cross

That crowns the venerable house of God.
Or it may be the bosom of a sea,
Far-flashing with its multitude of waves,
And gemm'd with glittering sails that waft the wealth
Of fruitful nations on from clime to clime.
Or it may be a ghastly battle-field,
Upon whose trampled turf are piled in heaps
The crumbling bones of millions—portent dire
Of that tremendous battle of the Future
Which looms upon us—or it may be haply
A countless company of living souls
Met with majestic rites to solemnize
The universal brotherhood of man,
And final triumph of great Liberty—
But all is formless, vague and indistinct,
A wildering chaos of uncertain shapes,
A varying world of shadows, baffling thought,
Like the delusive pageants of a dream ;
And even while we gaze, the wind subsides,
And the mist closes, and the gleams are gone.

Then turn we to the Past—how clear! how bright
The prospect is that greets us! all mapp'd out
In sequent order, at our feet repose
The solemn ages; each a mighty world,
Of mystic meanings, and high teachings full.
On the horizon's verge, and far beyond,
Lies the fair land of fable and of dream,
A land of ruin'd temples, monuments
Of the first worship of the infant world;
A land too of great forests, interveined
By fair embower'd rivers—the abodes
Of nymphs, and naiads, oreads, dryads, fauns,
The fair creations of the poet's heart
Revelling in beauty. There too lies the land
Where flows old Nilus 'neath the pyramids
That, like embodiments of Eternity,
Uprear their giant-bulk, and overlook
The intervening ages. Round about
Are strewn vast empires, fading into space

Remote, and swathed in vapour—there too lies
The chosen haunt of fair philosophy,
The region crown'd by the Acropolis,
Where Phidias lives for ever—and more near
The seven-hill'd city with her subject world,
And all her circling immortalities.

And there too haloed by peculiar light,
As of the softest sunbeams that have ever
Illumed the forehead of the noonday world,
Lies the fair land of the Nativity ;
The land where through his years of human life
Walk'd the sole man of mortal men, upraised
Nighest to God's perfection—favoured land,
Where first was sown that seed which since hath
borne

Such glorious fruit—and fruits more glorious far
Has yet to bear—in linking man to man
In gentle bonds of amity and love,
In smiting Error with Ithuriel spear,

And building up, within the human heart,
A temple—meet to be the chosen shrine,
The rightful throne, and the most bless'd abode
Of the great Spirit of the universe ;—
The loving Father. Oh most wondrous words !
Words, than all other words, more wondrous far
Were those that, utter'd once by living lips,
Startled the slumbering airs of that sweet land,
Like the most strong and solemn voice of God,
Dispelling chaos and creating worlds,—
Most wondrous words were they ; so few, and yet
So mighty—so severely simple, yet
So grand and so majestic, in themselves
Concentrating the essence of all truth,
And the perfection of all beauty—words
That utter'd in the silence of the Past
Fill all the mighty circle of the Present,
And in the fulness of their inborn strength
Stretch forward through each future age, and thence
Into the infinite Eternity ;

Words that reveal the difference 'twixt the true,
And the untrue—for Error, though oft born
A giant, strong and subtle, and all-conquering,
Is of the transient and the perishable,
And fades from off the bosom of the world,
As age succeeds to age; but holy Truth,
Being eternal in its nature, works
With silent and with unobtrusive power,
Redeems from sin and death the race of man,
Widens the passage to eternity
From day to day—and grows from more to more
Throughout all time, for ever and for ever.

Fair rests the sunlight on that favour'd land,
A sunlight brighter than the outer world
Hath e'er beheld—the sunlight of the soul.

Thenceforward to the spot whereon we stand,
Throughout the vast and ever-varied plain,
The wide expanse of each succeeding age,

The wondrous influence of those words of Christ,
The living Water of the inspired words
Of Him who had not where to lay his head,
Winds onward like a broad and bounteous river
To beautify and bless unnumber'd lands.
Yet not *all* fair and lovely are the scenes
Through which it flows ; dark spots amid the
 brightness

Show, not infrequent, the results of man's
Sand-blind perversion of that simple Creed,
And its most sacred meaning—strange results,
And sad as strange, and hinting of the rents
And imperfections of our mortal mind ;
Which, from high Reason by most sad divorce
Self-sever'd, wanders in a world of doubt
And lamentable darkness. Owlet-cries,
Voices of fear and noises of the night,
Rise frequent from each chaos ; while through all
Unchanged, uninjured by the transient clouds,
That influence still endures ; still fraught with good,

Still showers new sunlight on the realms of Thought,
Still chastens action and exalts its aim ;
Upbuilds bright Edens in the wilderness,
And shows of what high potency is truth,
Fearlessly utter'd, to subdue the world,
And mould man's restless spirit to its will.

Oh rich and regal Past ! thine are the stores
Of worth and wisdom—of exalted thought
And of heroic deed, which are the food
That nerves us to a lofty emulation
Of thy sublime ensamples. Thine the names—
The glorious names—that, in eternal youth,
Still stand before us as the beacon-lights
And pilot-stars to guide us in the paths
Of honour and of truth. Thine is the key
Which doth unlock so much which else would lie
Hid in the mystery of the Present ; thine
The flaming torch that throws its varying gleams
So far into the shrouded Future. Thou

Art worthy of our love, oh lofty Past !
Take thee away, and we have lost full half
Of the rare beauty of the outer world,
And of the inner world within the soul,
Since doubly dear are all those thoughts and things
That are illumined by the sunset-light
Of old associations. All great souls
Have loved the Past, have recognised its claim
On our affections and our gratitude,
And working well and wisely in the Present,
And looking forth with faith into the Future,
Have yet been drawn to cast a backward look
Of lingering love upon the storied Past,
And feed upon its teachings manifold,
And the high moral beauty they reveal.
We love the Present as we love our Bride,
Our help-mate and companion ; to the Future
We give the love that we would yield our Child ;
Whose being, under God, is due to us,
Our wise or unwise commerce with the Present—

But to the Past do we accord the love
Due to a Mother, from whose life our life
Flow'd forth, and without whom we had not been.

Alas ! and can it be that well nigh all
We have of Great and Noble is comprised
Within the mystic circle of the Past ?
That all Earth's wise and fearless Rulers stand
With the divine Departed ?—that High Art
Looks back with tearful gaze into the years
That have been, and that are not, there to find
Her noblest priesthood ?—that the mighty Lyre
Is silent now, because the master hands
That swept its chords have crumbled into dust,
And left no heirs behind ? It cannot be ;
Just Heaven ! it cannot be ;—and yet we stand
Amid this Present, and gaze wistful round
To find on noble brows the sacred seal
Denoting the Elect, and find it not ;
Albeit our gaze is cast on many brows

Of the old nobleness—brows whereupon
That seal should be, and where perchance it is
Beyond our poor discerning ;—for in sooth,
The fountains of God's Spirit are not dry,
That He no longer can inspire ; His hand
Hath not grown heavy that it faileth now
To mould men in His Image ; as of old
Great Thoughts came down from Heaven, so now
perchance

Are they descending, and in after years
Shall make themselves apparent to the gaze
Of all men,—radiant Angels sent from God
With hope and cheer for a despairing world
Long laid in darkness. Courage !—there are lamps
In Heaven as yet unlit,—which in due time
Shall be illumined with celestial fire,
To light and bless the people of the earth.—
Still courage ! forward, forward be our gaze
Directed in the living might of Faith,
Still forward—we will trust the Future yet.

Yes! we will trust the Future. Standing thus,
And gazing back upon the glorious Past,
And round about upon this wondrous Present
And all that it reveals; behold we not
How man, by his indomitable mind,
Hath won great victories in the mighty world
Of the Material;—hath subdued the force
Of dumb brute matter to his sovereign will—
Hath wrenched its treasures from the womb of earth,
And therewith framed him magic keys, to ope
The way to wondrous things undream'd of yet;—
Behold we not how he hath harness'd powers
Swift as the swift-wing'd whirlwinds to his car,
To waft him onward over land and sea;—
Hath call'd the spirit of the lightning down,
From out the bosom of its ebon cloud,
To do his bidding, and to be his slave;
And subjected to will, and train'd to use,
The elemental genii of the earth,

And air and ocean. We behold all this ;
And can we doubt that this is but the germ
And embryo of that which is to be ;
The portent pointing to a further hope
And still more glorious possibility
Of future good, when the gigantic mind
Of man, grown measurelessly more colossal,
Shall bend these triumphs o'er material powers
To spiritual use, and grow thereby
God-like and great, and widely-wise and strong,
And soaring on the Seraph-wings of Thought,
Shall rise into a region which shall leave
This Present, high and wondrous though it be,
A lower circle in the mighty scale,
Enveloped in a veil of sunless cloud.

And not alone in things of outward growth,
In things that all men see, is this our age
Portentous. Deep within the human heart—
Deep in the ever-restless heart of man,

A hidden germ is quickening even now,
The germ of conflict and of mighty change
And revolution in the realm of mind.
Our age has Thinkers—men of rarest gifts
And deepest insight ; studious of the Truth,
And jealous for its honour—men to whom
No false appearances, no hollow shows,
However trapp'd and dizen'd in the robes
Of solemn sophistry and sacred farce,
Can e'er avail to blind their earnest eyes
To the pure light of Reason, leading on
To holier issues. Not as they who roused
A former generation into wrath
By the keen dagger of the intellect,
Do these our Thinkers take forbidden tools
Of bitter sarcasm and of impious jest
To work with, but with earnest humble hearts,
And reverently and in the fear of God,
Work they in their high calling, and the world
Ere many years be added to its age,

Shall see and feel the issue of their toils,
And bless them for their labours ; even now
The antique giant of old use and wont—
The hoary despot who hath many names—
Custom, Convention, and Authority—
Totters upon his throne, and some wise blow,
Dealt by a master hand, shall hurl him down,
And lay him prostrate, never more to rise
And stretch the sceptre of his baleful sway
Across the nations. Heaven accelerate
That consummation. As, beneath the soil,
When all upon the surface seems at rest,
The acorn, quick with vegetable life
And labouring the birth of some great oak,
The parent haply of a forest-race
Gigantic—writhes and struggles to set free
The vigorous infant, till at last 'tis done,
And the earth parting gives free way for growth
And fair completion ; so that they who trod
With careless feet o'er the momentous spot,

After long years returning, find this new
And wondrous growth of nature, raised as 'twere
From seeming nothing, yet affording proofs
Of firm existence. So does this our age
Labour with grave surmises, and great doubts,
And solemn questions, which shall haply grow,
In the wise course of Nature, to assured
And firm convictions, ample to replace
All of the old that hath fulfill'd its work,
And closed its mission; potent too to clear
These blinding mists, and to withdraw our souls
From paths of error, to reveal the true,
The one immutable eternal Law,
And lead us back once more to God and Christ—
Our starting point—our goal of peace—our home,
And the bless'd Eden of our perfect rest.

Man's life is in progression; if he pause,
He dies; but mounting up from stair to stair,
Led by an omnipotent hand, 'tis his to scale

The mountain heights of wisdom, 'till he stand—
As he shall doubtless in some future age—
Upon the sacred pinnacle of Truth.

Oh mystic Future ! that which lies in thee
Is hid with God ; we cannot pierce the veil
That shrouds thee from us ; we can only hope
That the great race of Man may be inspired
With wisdom, by the teaching of the Past,
And breathings of God's Spirit in the soul,
To build a firm foundation in this Present,
Whereon thy mighty structures may be rear'd,
Thy sacred Temples and impregnable towers.
Oh mystic Future ! that which lies in thee
Is hid with God, yet 'tis our stedfast faith,
That thou dost hold in thy serene embrace
The time when Error, Evil, and the throng
Of demons who now work the woe of Man
Shall be cut down and vanquish'd by the sword,
Clasp'd in the strong right-hand of sovereign Truth ;

When sorrow, the rank after-growth of sin,
Shall be eradicated from the soul ;
When Peace shall build her temple in the heart,
With none to question ; and when holy Joy,
Serene and lofty shall pour down her beams
On the uplifted countenance of man,
From an unclouded heaven ; when wrong and strife
Shall be forgotten, and mankind shall dwell
In unity together ; and when Earth,
Bright planet then—abode of happy souls—
Shall doff her mourning weeds, and be as Heaven.

Speed Thou that advent ! Father, in Thy hand
We leave these things ; Thou art all-just, all-wise,
Plenteous in mercy, in long-sufferance too ;
Thou see'st not with our eyes, Thy righteous ways
Are not as our ways, Thou dost send Thy rain
Alike upon the just and the unjust ;
And if it be Thy will that for a time
Evil shall have dominion in the world

Which Thou hast made, we may be well assured
It is for some wise purpose, though to us
Unknown ; and when the fitting season comes,
Thou wilt bind up our wounds and dry our tears,
And right our seeming wrongs, and reconcile
Dissentient elements—build up once more
The broken Temple, and eliminate
Order's divine proportions in the midst
Of our wild chaos, for the furtherance
Of Thy great glory and the good of Man.

For us who wait that advent, we to whom
The will of God has delegated powers
Mighty for good or evil ; we who live,—
We of the present,—it behoves us much,
Yea more than all, to shape that Present so
That it may bear with influence benign
Upon the Future. 'Tis the seedtime now,
And as we strew, so shall the harvest be
Which in the Future shall be gather'd in.

Our brave forefathers have wrought well for us ;
If we for our successors work as well,
It cannot be but that the smile of God
Shall sun the coming harvest into ripeness.
Of this, beyond all else, let us take note—
Our present act it is, which is the seed
From which the future harvest is to spring ;
And that as the minutest grain of sand
Moved from its place, must in some measure change
The orbit of the world, so all our acts,
Even the meanest and the most unnoted,
Shall be of wondrous weight to make or mar
The heritage of our children !—solemn thought
For those who hold the massive reins that guide
The destinies of Nations ! solemn thought—
No less for him into whose charge is given
The guidance of one soul, that soul his own.

LAKE SONNETS,
ETC.

LAKE SONNETS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY.

COULD I but speak the love that in my breast
 Doth grow, and gather strength from day to
 day,

For those fair Lakes and mountains far away,
 Reposing like an Eden of the Blest;
 Could I but clothe this earnest love of mine
 In fitting words, then might I boldly say
 To such as dared to hear, " Behold a lay,
 " A lay of love,—in lofty utterance drest,
 " Proclaiming Nature's praise in tones divine;"
 But ah! my words so weak and poor at best,
 Refuse obedience to my heart's behest,
 And do but cloud what they would fain portray;
 So must I in such half-attainment rest,
 Content to sing such snatches as I may.

CONISTON WATER.

A PICTURE.

WE stood and gazed, and scarcely dared to
breathe,

So solemn was the scene beneath the light
Of the new morning. On each wooded height
The mist repos'd in many an airy wreath,
Whilst the fair fields and glassy lake beneath
Were shrouded in a robe of lightest haze,
Made golden by the day-god's kindling rays,
That shed soft glory over wood and heath;—
High over all the great Man-mountain rose,
As natural guardian of the scene so still,
In his colossal majesty supreme, [snows,—
Rob'd in vast mists and crown'd with glittering
No faintest sound was heard from vale or hill,
And all the lovely scene was like a dream.

LEVERS WATER.

ABOVE CONISTON.

OH silent Tarn ! fast-lock'd in such grim sleep
 Within thine awful and profound recess,
 And overshadow'd by the mightiness
 Of the majestic mountain, which doth keep
 Stern watch o'er thy primeval loneliness ;—
 Oh mountain Tarn, upon thy marge we stand,
 And awe-struck gaze upon thy darken'd face,
 Whilst as to make more weird the solemn place,
 Night drops her curtain o'er the subject land
 In folds on folds of shade, and far above
 The frowning barrier of black hill-side, beams
 The star of evening,—God's sweet light of love
 Set in the heavens.—Star whose celestial gleams
 Have mystic power the heart of man to move,
 Radiant awakers of divinest dreams.

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

BY WINDERMERE.

ART thou a Lover of the Beautiful,
A Worshipper of Nature, and a Child
Of Poesy? who in the sweetly wild
And woodland places dost delight to cull
Fair flowers of Fancy? Come and sit with me
Upon this broad and mossy stone, and see
How joyously the little Woodland Brook,
In miniature cascades from shelf to shelf
Descends, and singing sweetly to itself,
Makes melody within the leafy nook :
Then go thy ways into the throng of men,
And bear the music with thee, and the thought
Of this calm hour amid the lonely glen,
As things to soothe and cheer thine after-lot.

WINDERMERE.

O H fair Winander, thy most gentle Lake,
 Bright with the beauty both of heaven and
 earth,

Hath power to summon holy thoughts to birth
 Within the minds of such as haply take
 Like us, their station on this pastoral mound,
 This wooded watch-tower, and thence gazing round
 On the fair scene, have ample leave to slake
 The longing of their souls in seas profound
 Of paradisal beauty. Not a sound,
 Not one vague whisper of a wandering breeze,
 Breaks the pure peace that brooding full and deep
 Enchants the soul, so that the scene doth seem
 Scarce real. Thus earth's fair realities
 Do sometimes wear the semblance of a dream,
 And we grow doubtful if we wake or sleep.

A PATHWAY AT RYDAL.

THERE is a pathway o'er a steep hill-side,
 Forth looking o'er a paradisa! scene
 Of lake and mountain, and a world of green
 Bright leaves that in the warmth of summer-tide,
 Put forth their beauties in exceeding pride.—
 There are few pathways in this world of ours
 More memorable, for 'twas trod by one—
 The mountain-seated Muses' mightiest Son—
 Whose name is linked with Nature and her powers;
 And here perchance hath many a noble thought
 Descended on his soul, and there been wrought
 Fashion'd and fused into immortal Song,
 Whose benediction shall endure as long
 As men behold the mountains, stars and flowers.

BENEATH THE PATHWAY.

NAB COTTAGE.

FAR down beneath this pathway lies a cot,
 A lowly dwelling by the lone lake's side,
 And by this verse it shall be testified,
 That gentle memories linger round the spot ;
 For here a childlike spirit, a sweet soul,
 A portion of great Nature's beauteous whole,
 A son of song, to love and truth allied,
 After sore shipwreck mid life's feverous shocks,
 Found blessed haven from the bruising rocks,
 Lived out his span of life, and calmly died.
 Vainly the voice of slander now assails
 His memory, for that is loved full well,
 Loved with a love that passes words to tell,
 By all the dwellers in these quiet dales.

EVENING.

BY RYDAL MERE.

THE glare and heat of the long summer day,
Its fever and disquietude are done,
And, with the last beams of the setting sun,
Have faded from the fainting earth away;
Slowly the lake and vale grow dim and gray,
And the wan moon looks forth o'er yonder hill,—
Looks forth upon a scene peace-lapp'd and still,
Relinquish'd wholly to mild Evening's sway.
The gathering vapours by no breeze are stirr'd,
Of Nature's myriad notes not one is heard,
Save the soft gurgle of the unseen rill
That to the lake's calm bosom wends its way,
And warble of the solitary bird,
That tunes its vesper notes on yonder spray.

AT THE GRAVE OF WORDSWORTH,

IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.

I.

OH better far than richly sculptured tomb,
 Oh fitter far than monumental pile
 Of storied marble in cathedral aisle,
 Is this low grassy grave bright with the bloom
 Of nature, and laid open to the smile
 Of the blue heaven—this stone that tells to whom
 The spot is dedicate, who rests beneath
 In this God's acre, this fair field of death ;
 Oh meet it is, great Bard, that in the breast
 Of this sweet vale, and 'neath the guardian hills
 By thee so loved, thy venerated dust
 Should lie in peace, and it is meet and just,
 That evermore around thy place of rest
 Should rise the murmur of the mountain rills.

II.

TO this calm spot the pilgrim in far years,
Led by the reverence in his soul, shall come,
And as he gazes on this grassy tomb,
His thoughtful eyes shall be suffused with tears,
But not with tears of sorrow : there is nought,
In this fair scene, that speaks of grief or gloom,
Not one incentive to despondent thought.
Pensive, not sad, shall be the pilgrim's heart,
Subdued, not sorrowful, his soul shall be,
As standing by this Grave he thinks of Thee,
And how that thy long life's great work was wrought
Full out, and how its immortality
Is fix'd as firmly and as sure as aught
That men deem lasting—mountain, star, or sea.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

THIS hill is like the hill of human life—
 Throughout the season of “our manly prime,”
 'Tis our proud task the steep ascent to climb,
 Conquering the rugged road with valiant strife,
 Until we reach the pinnacle sublime,
 Whence looking back our glad exultant eyes
 Behold the subject world that 'neath us lies—
 Then, with a feeling of supreme content
 And gratitude to God, we turn to meet
 The lesser labours of the smooth descent
 On the other side ; treading the bloomy heath,
 A fragrant carpet for our weary feet,
 Till we find rest in the fair vale beneath,
 The welcome rest of all the wayworn—death.

MIDNIGHT.

ABOVE ULLESWATER.

IT is a midnight very hush'd and deep,
 Silence ineffable hath charm'd the air ;
 Nature the Sabbath of her rest doth keep,
 And silver stars are pictured here and there
 In the calm mirror of the Lake so fair,
 Whose gather'd waters far below me sleep.—
 Weird is the aspect which the mountains wear,—
 As o'er them its wan rays the starlight throws,
 Huge giants seem they taking their repose ;
 Grim Titans cradled in their old-world lair
 Of inaccessible solitude—a sense
 Of awe and mystery on the spirit grows,
 Mystery inscrutable and awe intense,
 Whilst gazing on their night-enshrouded brows.

A SUMMER DAY

ON DERWENTWATER.

ONE whole long summer-day, from morn till
night,

We floated on thy mirror, crystal-clear,
Sweet Derwentwater—round us far and near
All Nature was in shining garments dight,
And high above us did old Skiddaw rear
His forehead sunbeam-crown'd; great was our cheer,
And the large nectar-cup of our delight
Was fill'd to overflowing;—ne'er before
Had earth appear'd so lovely to our sight,
Or clad in such sweet aspect;—ample store
Of joy and wisdom did we bear away
From that intense communion, and no less
Large was the measure of our thankfulness,
For many fair dreams realized that day.

LANGDALE.*

HAIL, everlasting Hills ! all hail once more
 Majestic region of the mist and cloud.
 My soul is waken'd and my head is bow'd,
 Again in Nature's Temple I adore—
 And what a Temple ! rising vast and high,
 The circling mountains their great foreheads hoar
 Uplift unto the calm and silent sky
 Whose circumambient dome doth on them lie.
 O savage region ! O wild hills and streams !
 The warm imagination of my youth
 Hath oft had pleasing task in picturing you ;
 Now I behold ye in your living truth,
 And the reality transcends all dreams,
 And my ideal fades before the true.

* This Sonnet should be taken as the opening one of a fresh series of the Lake Poems.

YEW DALE.

I NTO the Valley of the sombre yew,
 Passing the three secluded Tarns that lie
 Among the hills so lonely and so high,
 Our lingering downward road did we pursue,
 And at each onward step more conscious grew
 Of the wild beauty and sublimity
 That, ever-varying, fed the raptured eye.
 O Vale remote ! thy mountains guard thee well,
 Clustering in stern magnificence around,
 And watching o'er thee with austerest care,
 They make of thy recesses hallow'd ground,
 Where in unbroken loneliness may dwell
 Primeval peace and quietude profound,
 And pensive musings find a haven fair.

THE MILL POOL

AT BOUT, IN ESKDALE.

DIVINE is Art ! wondrous and great and
grand !

And when the Painter on his canvas throws
High thoughts and glorious truths until it glows,
Well may the gazer in mute worship stand,
Watching the great creation as it grows,
Sure that from God the inspiration flows !—
Yet as I pause beside this rock-bound pool,
And note the mingling of delicious hues,
Green shadow, opal gleam, and sunny ray,—
Bright beyond thought—that blend and interfuse
In the fine depths so crystal-clear, and cool,
I feel that I am in a mightier school
Than that of Art. I feel, as well I may,
That here is that which Art can ne'er portray.

WASTWATER.

I.

L ONELY Wastwater, on thy marge we stand—
 The storm is sweeping through the savage
 gorge

Of the wild mountains, and the boiling surge
 Comes madly leaping to the rocky strand ;
 Impetuously the furious wind-gods urge
 The vainly writhing and reluctant waves,
 That foam and struggle like unwilling slaves,
 Driven forward with fierce threat and frequent
 scourge.

—Plainly the troubled waters we behold,
 Far-flashing in the tempest's lurid light,
 But the strong powers by which they are controll'd,
 Remain impalpable to mortal sight ;
 These powers assume not a material mould,
 Though felt and seen their irresistible might.

II.

AND so with life ; the seen by the unseen
Is over-ruled despotically still,
And noisy action is by thought serene
Check'd or driven forward with resistless will.
What deem ye strong ? the waters which ye see
Shrinking and trembling at each passing breeze,
Or the swift winds which though they viewless be,
Uptear the depths of the majestic seas,
And rouse them into thunder-harmonies ? —
What deem ye great ? the clamour of the crowd,
Whose ceaseless Babel toward high heaven is hurl'd,
Or the Idea which speaketh not aloud,
But in the heart of some great thought upcurl'd,
Sends its electric shocks through all the world.

THE TALK OF THE MOUNTAINS.

WITH a kingly thunderous tone
Helvellyn shouteth to Skiddaw
Over the Vale of St. John,
And Saddleback, that standeth between,
Listeneth with a reverent mien
To what the giant mountain saith,
And his royal brother answereth.

The Lake of Beauty that doth lie
Old Helvellyn's heights below,
Looketh up with a gentle eye—
An eye wherein love and beauty glisteneth
Unto her lord's time-wrinkled brow,
Seam'd with many a rent and scar.
She, fair Bride, submissive listeneth
To the mysterious speech that flows

From the lips of the old hill, and goes
Careering on the winds afar.

What do the mighty mountains say,
As they thus hold converse with each other,
Brother talking unto brother
In mysterious language night and day?
Do they tell of the storms that round them roll,
And like wide-swinging and heaven-hung bells,
Over the cloudy summits toll
The passing of worlds and universe-knells?
What is it that the mountains say,
Talking thus wildly night and day?
Do they speak of the solemn and wondrous past,
Far hid in the fathomless deeps of time,
Ere Man was made to possess the earth,
And they from their silent thrones look'd forth
Over a loneliness world-wide and vast—
A solitude savage, and stern and sublime?

Do they talk of that far primeval day ?
Or what is't the grim old Mountains say ?

List to that savage boom
That out of the shadow of the gloom,
Over the fields of air doth come.
Is it laughter ? or is it a groan ?
Such wild laughter and such weird moan
As may be heard but from mountains alone
Is it a joy-peal ? or is it a knell ?—
Who may tell ?

MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BUILDING UP.

WITH infinite patience and toil to develop
 Whate'er may be in us of good and of
 beauty,

To build up our nature with labour incessant,
 That our Future may cast into shadow our Present ;
 This is our mission in life, and our duty.

But that which is built to endure is built slowly,
 And all that the world has of great and of noble,
 Hath slowly been wrought out with toil and with
 trouble ;

And they are the learn'd who end with discerning
 That men may grow grey, and yet still be but
 learning.

It taketh brief time, and but little invention,
To build up a fabric of lath and of plaster,
But it taketh long years, and the mind of a master,
'To build a Cathedral with arch and with column,
Meet for God's glory majestic and solemn.

THE PILOT STAR.

I CAN but sit and gaze upon Thee,
 I can but watch thee from afar,
 As some lone wanderer o'er the desert
 Looks upward to his Pilot star.

I can but let thy spirit's splendour
 Fall on my heart in radiant streams,
 To wreath with an exceeding glory
 My sleeping and my waking dreams.

Alas! I never may approach thee,
 I linger bound to earth and faint,
 And gaze upon thy beauteous features
 As on the features of a saint—

A saint that in some old Cathedral
 Stands browbound with a sacred ray,

And looks down sweetly on the suppliants
That, ranged before her, kneel and pray.

Thou art all Nature, thou revealest
The most divine delight of youth ;
Thy spirit is a holy chalice,
Brimm'd with the crystal wave of Truth.

Alas ! thou art so high above me,
In such pure brightness thou dost move,
A Vestal of the skies thou seemest,
All too divine for earthly love.

I can but sit and gaze upon thee,
I can but watch thee from afar,
As some lone wanderer o'er the desert
Looks upward to his Pilot-star.

HUMAN WEAKNESS.

HOW poor ! how frail we are ! resolves
That seem at first enthron'd so high
Within the soul, dissolve and die
As snow beneath the sun dissolves.

Weak beings are we at the best,
The demon and the angel dwell
Together in the secret cell,
The inmost of each human breast.

Great visions of perfection rise
Resplendent on our longing view,
But Man is to himself untrue,
And action wastes itself in sighs.

Oh Thou to whom the soul of Man

Is of great price, sustain that soul !

Endue us with more self control,

Aid us to perfect what we plan.

THE RIPPLING OF THE WATER.

THE rippling of the water,
 List to what it saith ;

It revealeth mysteries,

Tales of life and death.

Sit and list its murmur,

Listen to it long,

And echoes in thy heart shall rise,

Responsive to the song.

All thy life's commotion

Seems therein to be ;

List the tale it telleth,

For it flows for thee :

List, till Past and Present,

And the future seem

Blent in melody together,

Like a rippling stream.

Pure the water cometh
 From its far-off springs,
Pure it floweth onward,
 Teaching many things ;
Pure as its pure current
 Let our life's tide be,
Gently rippling onward
 To Eternity.

THE DREAMER.

“ And they said one to another, Behold ! this Dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him.”

Genesis xxxvii. 19, 20.

SHOULD one arise and speak an honest mind,
Or haply tell a vision he has had,

How that in future times—days yet afar—

The World, grown great in reverence, should bow
down

Before the forms august of Love and Truth,

And sit at Wisdom's feet, and humbly learn

The long-neglected lesson—Charity ;—

Should one arise and after this sort speak,

“ Lo ! now this Dreamer cometh,” saith the crowd ;

“ Let us arise and slay him ;” and forthwith

They heap upon him ignominies vile,

And persecutions manifold, the hurts

Of sland'rous tongues and ill-report, and all

That most embitters life ;—which he bears meekly,
Knowing that if he be the sent of God,
Patient endurance is his duty here ;
And having spoken what to him seem'd truth,
He waits the end in confidence and hope.
Then when the times of spiritual dearth
Have fallen upon the world—when men are lost
In deserts of conjecture, wandering wide
'Mid darkness blacker than the depths of night—
This Dreamer having of the grace of God,
Becomes the guide and saviour of his race,
Dispenser of those harvestings of thought
Which put new life into the veins of the world,
And they who persecuted stand for judgment
Before him, and with downcast looks implore
His mercy and forgiveness—what doth he ?
He falleth on their necks and kisseth them,
And bids them be of good cheer ; “ For,” saith he,
“ Are ye not all my Brothers ?—I rejoice
“ That God has blessed my sorrows to your good.”

LOVE WORSHIP.

AH Beloved ! many stars are beaming
 Through this Autumn night,
 Many stars like lonely meteors gleaming
 O'er yon wooded height—
 On the quiet harvest-fields are streaming
 Floods of silver light ;
 But my thoughts are fix'd on earthly splendour
 Sweeter far than that which smiles above ;
 Unto one fair form do I surrender
 All my heart of love.

Unto one dear form, the brightest, fairest
 That these eyes have seen ;
 Of all pearls of price the richest, rarest,
 Of all Beauty the apparent Queen.

For the light that makes her lovely cometh
From the radiant soul that reigns within ;
That—a perfect flower of Eden bloometh,
With no blight of sin.

Grace and beauty radiate from her ever,
And the wonder of her presence seems
Like that rare perfection we may never
Gaze on but in dreams.

God's fair Angel of the earth she smileth
Mid cocytan depths of sin and folly,
And the heart by power divine beguileth
Of all thoughts that are not sweet and holy.

Ah Beloved ! pure, unconscious Angel,
Thou wilt read these words from my weak hand ;
But the secret of their deep evangel
Wilt scarcely understand.

Thou art conscious of no special merit,
Earth's enraptured gaze on thee to draw,

Heart and mind and soul and sense and spirit,

Being harmonized to Nature's law.

I to thee, too, am a stranger wholly,

Therefore strange will seem

All this worship which the world calls folly,

But which flows from feelings high and holy,

As I fondly deem.

I have worshipp'd Beauty with devotion,

One bright Iris having many parts;

I have worshipp'd every noble feeling

That in thought or action finds revealing—

Worshipp'd every innocent emotion,

Of true human hearts.

These things are from God,—are God-like truly,

And meet for worship. As in thee I see

These high revelations blended throughly,

In harmonious concert working duly,

I will worship their pure light in Thee.

And that adoration shall be Love—

Love—unbounded—deep

And pure as theirs who watch in Heaven above,

Whilst the world beneath is hush'd in sleep.

All thy loveliness to me shall render

Service good and great,

Store my heart with feelings deep and tender,

Bathe my spirit in supernal splendour,

Well-nigh too divine for this our mortal state.

So shall I be raised in heart and spirit,

Raised in soul to something like to thee;

Moulded by Love's hand till I inherit

Radiations of thy purity.

For this love of beauty which we cherish,

Is a bless'd and still-increasing store

Of mind and heart-wealth which shall never perish,

But grow to glorious issues evermore.

As I am, bound to the earth and earthy,

And meaner than the most of things I see,
Too well I feel that I am all unworthy,
Ev'n for one moment's space to gaze on thee ;
But in the hands of Love—high Queen of Nature,
I place my spirit, trusting to her power,
To raise my drooping soul to thy fair stature,
And from the crude bud to evoke the flower.

Until then I will work on in silence,
Trusting the high influence of Love ;
Trusting that,—and having firm reliance
On the unseen powers that reign above—
Work on, strive on, with serene endeavour,
Struggle manfully against my doom,
Nothing doubting, fainting, drooping never,
Till I know the glorious advent come :
Then Beloved, pure unconscious Angel,
Thou wilt read these words from my weak hand,
And the meaning of their deep evangel
Wilt wholly understand.

ILLUSIONS.

THE same earth holds us ; the same air
That wings the cry of my despair,
May waft thy laughter silver-sweet ;
Yet never more in woe or mirth,
Upon the brow of this broad earth,
Shall thou and I together meet.

Yet oft when fancy holds the rein,
And paints her marvels on the brain,
When all the world is hush'd in sleep,
Such strange and sweet imaginings !
Such wonderful illusive things !
Within my mind their advent keep.

I think of thee as of a star
In heaven, immeasurably far
 Within the sky's pavilion'd blue,
So deep in the abyss of night,
That never may its holy light
 Be visible to mortal view.

We feel full well that it is there,
Divinely bright, supremely fair,
 Yet may not see its gentle beams,
Save when the soul in sleep is free
From cloggings of mortality,
 Then they illumine all our dreams.

Anon I seem to hear thy voice
Bidding my mournful heart rejoice,
 And glory in its grievous load ;
Bidding me clasp unto my breast
This sorrow as a welcome guest,
 Since sorrow draws us nearer God.

Anon methinks I see thee stand
Beside my couch, and in my hand
 I clasp thy taper fingers small ;
And looking upward on thy face,
I feel thy mild eyes' saintly rays
 Into my heart's still chambers fall.

Then dost thou bend to kiss my brow,
Whilst I say softly, " Is it thou ?—
 " Are those thine eyes so calm and deep ?"
And then the moon-ray in my room
Is the sole light that breaks the gloom,
 And long and bitterly I weep.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

AGES upon Ages vanish,
 And no mighty Thinker cometh
 To look forth into the darkness
 That o'er earth's horizon loometh.

All the lights are from the rearward,
 And the armies of the Nations
 Pitch their tents, and dwell in quiet,
 Hedg'd by old associations.

Ages upon ages vanish,
 Still the host lies dark and sightless;—
 Then the mighty Thinker cometh,
 And the world is bathed in brightness.

Rays are sent into the future,
All the waken'd present bloometh,
And the past acquires new meaning,
When the mighty Thinker cometh.

Cometh as of old he came,
When Israel's burden'd children knew him;
Stands the prophet of the people,
And the words of God flow through him.

Then the tents in haste are folded,
And throughout the close-ranged masses
The electric spark, that wakes them
To desire of action, passes.

Then the march goes bravely onward,
When the words of Truth are spoken;
Rocks are hewn and forests fell'd,
And Error's leaden bondage broken.

Their appointed King hath found them,
And the armies of the Nations
Follow his God-guided footsteps
With great joy and acclamations.

Leave behind the pleasant pastures,
And the flesh-pots of the present;
Follow the great Leader's standard,
Be it Ark, or Cross, or Crescent.

Struggle onward to the Land
On which they see his eagle-glance bent,
There once more to pitch their tents,
Amid an era of advancement.

There to rest on past experience,
Till another master cometh,
Speaks the further Will of Heaven,
And the leader's wand resumeth.

“ EVANGELINE.”

GREAT is thy hymn of Evangeline, wonderful
western-world Singer,
Sad is the wail of its music, yea, “ sad as the wind
through the forest ;”
Great is the lesson it teacheth of constant and pa-
tient endurance,
And great the Religion of Sorrow enshrined in its
sanctified pages ;
Sad, and yet noble and true, for the Truest himself
first reveal’d it ;
High is its mystical import, and pointing eternally
skyward ;
For blessed are those whom affliction hath raised
to the portals of Heaven,
There to be greeted as Children, who joy in the
smile of their Father.

Great is thy hymn of Evangeline, wonderful western-
world Singer,

Falling like dew on a Land that is scorch'd by the
Sun of Self-worship ;—

Falling like voices of Angels, to banish the rage
and contention

Of those who are blind to the love of the infinite
Maker and Father,

Who gently chastiseth his loved ones, that they
may repose in his bosom

Freed from the stains of the earthly, and fitted to
share in his nature,

Which hath been and shall be for ever the highest—
the holiest—the purest.

Great is thy hymn of Evangeline, proving the might
of affection,

Which is in itself a Religion, though few be the
hearts that so feel it,

Rare as that rarest of flowers that bloometh but
once in a life-time ;
Yet thanks be to God for the faith that affection
shall burgeon and blossom,
Albeit slowly yet surely, till earth shall be fill'd
with its fulness,
And love be the law of our being as 'tis with the
Angels of Heaven.

Fearlessly stands forth the Bard as the Prophet,
the Guide, and the Teacher,
Drawing his high inspiration direct from the Foun-
tain of Wisdom,
Pointing mankind to the path that God wills they
should walk in, and therefore
Great is thy hymn of Evangeline, Poet broad-soul'd
and deep-hearted.
Thou who so clearly hast seen that thy magical art
is God's servant,

The channel through which he revealeth his ways
to his wondering children ;

So hast thou made it all holy, as writ 'neath the
eye of the Highest,

And therefore all honour be thine till the ages to
come shall re-echo,

Great is thy hymn of Evangeline, wonderful western-
world Singer.

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

SOLEMNLY tolls the Cathedral clock

The midnight hour,—

And the old gray tower

Seems to reel and rock

'Neath the ponderous shock

Of the iron bell,

Giving a voice to the passing time,

With something strange in the clang and the chime,

Which suiteth the wan weird moonlight well.—

The weird wan moonlight looketh down,

And silvers the roofs of the silent town—

Silvers the stones of the silent street,

That erewhile echoed to busy feet,

As to and fro the multitude went,

Each on his special purpose bent,

Some thought brooding on every brow,
Some thought of sorrow, of joy, or fear ;
But the long straight street is silent now,
And the wan weird moonlight alone is here.—

No, not alone ;—in its light so fair,
In its beams so beautiful, here and there,
Pallid forms are wandering by,
Each form with another attending—Despair,—
That casts its wild light over cheek and eye ;—
Oh God of Heaven, 'tis a sight of fear,
And the laugh is sadder than any sigh,
And the word of love, in its mockery,
Is the saddest sound that can greet the ear.

Alas for the gentle heart of Woman !
Betray'd and trampled and sear'd and broken ;
Ah by many a bitter token,
Woe in this world is too common—too common !

But the radiant moonbeams heed not the woe,
As from heaven above to the earth below,
In their silvery splendour they silently fall,
And fling their sweet mantle of beauty o'er all;
They fall over all, and they silently steep
The slumbering street in their holy light,
And standing before us so pure and bright,
Seem like guardian-angels from heaven's height
Descended, their shadowy vigils to keep,
Through the long night-hours, o'er this city of sleep.

Strange dreams are hovering here and there,
Leading many a soul away
From its prostrate mansion of finite clay—
Leading it far through the realms of air,
To paradisaal regions fair,
'Neath the spirit of Beauty's perfect sway;
Or plunging it down to the crypts of despair,
For ever exil'd from the light of day.

So pass the hours of the silent night,
And after the day's long roar and riot,
Very sweet is this holy quiet,
Very soothing this soft moon-light.

But lo! in the heavens the morning breaking,
O'er the city its glimmering lustre flings,
And the guardian spirits unfold their wings,
Back into ether their calm flight taking;
The morn is breaking blank and gray,
And far in the east the first faint ray
Comes as the herald of kingly Day.—
Then shall the slumberers round awaken,
Resuming their being's suspended plan;
And the mighty heart of the city be shaken,
By the throbs of the mighty heart of Man.

Ah! when shall that holier dawn arise,
When the fetter'd Giant—the Human Mind,—

Attaining mature and perfect size,
Shall ray his glories to mortal eyes,
And breathe his pæans to mortal ears
Clear as the songs of the starry spheres ;
Standing God-like and unconfined,
With the fetters lying around him broken
By words of Truth which brave hearts have spoken ;
Words winging their way over land and sea,
Fraught with the blessings of liberty ;
Ah ! when shall that glorious advent be ?

A MOUNTAIN DREAM.

THE golden Sun is high in heaven,
 The morning mist is clear'd away ;
 And on a thousand mountain-peaks
 Is shower'd the glorious day.

Upon a thousand mountain-peaks,
 And on a thousand vales below,
 Where, murm'ring through the birchen-glades,
 The sweet-voiced rivers flow.

Right up among the silent hills
 I take my pathless way, alone,
 To find, amid their fastnesses,
 An empire of mine own.

O'er lonely moors I take my way,
Through rocky glens, o'er hill-tops high ;
Past many a black and silent Tarn,
Suspended near the sky.

Now am I in this region's heart,
The inmost shrine of solitude,
The spirit of the wilderness
Doth round my footsteps brood.

Right joyfully I take my seat
Upon the gorgeous heather bloom,
Upon its beauty feast mine eyes,
And breathe its rich perfume.

Oh wild, wild desert solitude,
Thou art all round about me spread,
Wide waves the heather on the moors,
Clouds crown the mountain's head.

List to yon lordly Eagle's scream,
As to his rock-built throne he sails,
And bears away right haughtily
His tribute from the vales.—

His tribute—savage mountain King,
My swelling soul with thee would rise,
Sweep through the clouds, and share with thee
Thy throne amid the skies.

'Tis done, the morning gives me wings,
And I have reach'd the Eagle's throne :
Hurrah ! Hurrah !—the haughty King
And I, are all alone.

A thousand lakes are glittering bright,
Eagle, beneath my gaze and yours,
All set, like gems of living light,
Amid the barren moors.

Eagle, this empire is our own,
Our own as far as we can see ;
Hurrah !—this is a glorious throne,
And mighty Kings are we.—

But list ! from out their distant caves
The winds awaken with a howl ;
The summer sky but late so fair,
Puts on a sullen scowl.

And now the scene is grim and black,
And, by the winds impetuous driven,
The storm-charged clouds and fiery rack
O'ercanopy the heaven.

And blacker still, and still more dense,
The canopy of darkness lowers,
And gathering round him all his strength,
The storm puts forth his powers.

Wild revel now the wind-gods keep,
 Careering through the darken'd sky,
And to their weird and fiendish shouts
 The Eagle shrieks reply.

Roll round us, all ye thunders, roll !
 Flash, all ye livid lightnings, flash !
And through the open gates of heaven,
 Ye mighty torrents dash !

For what care we, the King and I ?
 We sit apart and fear no wrong,
He with his tempest-beating wings,
 I with a soul as strong.

We sit apart and fear no wrong,
 The savage mountain-King and I ;
Wild mirth is in his royal heart,
 And flashes from his eye.

He gazes on the tempest's strife,
As to his nature 'twere allied ;
How bold, how stern, and strong he looks !
Instinct with power and pride.—

And now he spreads his mighty wings,
Waves them, and spurns his rocky throne,
Whirls round upon the furious blast,
And I am left alone.

I wake, and lo ! a heathery bed
And murmur of a mountain-stream :
Where is the tempest ? where the throne ? —
Can this have been a dream ?

A SONG OF SORROW.

SEARCH not thou with impious eye
Into those funereal deeps

Where, worn out with agony,

The sad soul with sorrow sleeps.

Enter not with foot profane

Into those dim twilight cells,

Where, the constant guest of pain,

The life-weary mourner dwells.

Haply he hath sinn'd and suffer'd,

Haply he hath blameless been,

Yet hath suffer'd ;—curious mortal,

Nothing can be known or seen.

Leave the dark and blotted scroll,
Haste thee to the garish day ;
O'er the sorrows of the soul
Draw the curtain, come away !

HYMN TO THE STARS.

YE blessed Stars that, like the eyes of Angels,
Look brightly down upon the midnight earth;
What voiceless Anthems and what mute Evangels,
In your harmonious looks of love have birth !
Ye blessed Stars, to whose soft smile is given
Such perfect purity, we well may deem
That rays of the supernal light of heaven
Find way through you on earth's calm brow to
beam ;
Ay, fondly ye look down on Nature,
And rill and river, lake and ocean,
Smile beneath your holy smiling,
And tremble with a sweet emotion.

The old-world worship in your radiant pages,
The dreamer's eye may yet delighted trace,
A gleam of beauty from the far-off ages,
The fair mythology of classic Greece ;
The herald Hermes, with resplendent pinion ;
Red Mars, a warrior for the battle set ;
Bright Jupiter, supreme in sky dominion ;
And Venus Amathusia, potent yet :—
These and many more still gather,
Sparkling through the sunless hours,
As though e'en yet they quaff'd the nectar
Nightly in Olympian bowers.

But oh, ye radiant prophets, ye are able
Far loftier lore than this to teach the heart,
And all the warm delights of antique fable,
Before the searching light of Truth depart ;
The soul of Man enfranchised from its prison,
Beholds the Starlight pale before the Sun,

A purer morning on the world has risen,
The many are upgather'd in the one;
One God, to claim the adoration
Of the enlarged uplifted soul;
One God, the Parent of Creation;
One God, to guide and guard the whole."

Bright Lamps of God, set in the deeps of heaven,
And rolling through the mystery of space,
So far removed from our dim world, that even
Ye seem beyond the bounds of time and place;
What are ye?—are ye gems His footstool under?
Or are ye worlds where happy mortals dwell,
Or happier spirits?—we are lost in wonder:—
We gaze, but what we gaze on cannot tell;
We only can behold your splendour,
And clasp its beauty to our soul,
As clothed in radiance vast, yet tender,
Through the darken'd sky ye roll.

Methinks that while thus gazing on your beauty,
The heart should be uplifted to your sphere,
And all good feelings, love and faith and duty,
Unto the spirit's gaze undimm'd appear :
Not in an hour like this, 'mid mists of error
And doubt, to darkness should the soul decline,
But shaking off each vain and futile terror,
Should shine unclouded, as ye cloudless shine,
Ye blessed Stars of heaven, believing
That the pure light we see above
Is earnest of a wider radiance,
The smile of God's unbounded love.

Ye blessed Stars, the lesson ye are teaching
Cometh from God, and therefore should have
power,
Thus to the inmost of our nature reaching,
To guide our footsteps through Life's changeful
hour.

Ah ! may your sacred light be still beside us,

Still may we view it as the light of God,

Sent down in duty's narrow path to guide us,

The path by all the noble-hearted trod.

Thus, Angel-eyes—thus, ye divine ones,

Let your radiance pure and fair,

Shine into the heart's still chambers,

Let your holy light rest there.

A PROMISE.

THOU and I shall see the Rhine,
Ere this glorious Summer fade ;
There the things that now are dreams
Shall realities be made :
Thou and I shall see the Rhine,
Gentle friend, ere summer fade.

Often have we sat together
'Neath the pleasant linden trees,
When the sun was sinking low,
And the balmy evening breeze,
As it wander'd to and fro,
Wrought us rarest melodies.

Then our thoughts have flown, united,
To that glorious German Land,
With its broad and bounteous river
Flowing on so calm and grand,
Whilst on its banks of varied beauty
The grey old Gothic castles stand.

Thou and I have loved the rivers
That engirdle this fair earth,
All the bright and beautiful rivers
That in mountain lands have birth,
And go flowing on for ever,—
Fruitful Angels to the earth.

But of all the glorious rivers
That beneath the Sunlight shine,
Dearest to our dreaming fancy
Is the broad and pleasant Rhine;
Best and dearest to our fancy
Is the old and castled Rhine.

Then lift thine eyelids' fringed shade,
And fix thy joyous eyes on mine,
Friend of friends, ere summer fade
Thou and I shall see the Rhine ;
Ere this glorious summer fade,
We will float upon the Rhine.

THOUGHTS ON GREAT MINDS.

OFT in my musings have I thought with awe
 On the great liveness of the mightiest minds ;
 How they do walk through life with no one near,
 Companionless in a vast solitude
 And utter isolation, most supreme
 Of eremites are these. These are the true
 Saints of the pillar,—of the mountain-tops
 Say rather. On the cloudy peaks they stand
 Colossal ;—far beneath them hums the world
 From all its myriad hives : they catch the sound,
 And meaning of the sound, and they alone ;
 But if they speak, they are so far above
 That none may hear them, and their words are cast
 On passing winds, like seeds, and borne afar
 To distant lands—lands which they may not see

Nor know, there to find ground and bear much
fruit,

Long ages after they who gave them birth
Have laid them down to their eternal rest.—
So have these spirits seem'd to me most lone,
Alone in an exceeding loneliness ;
Lone as the mountain peaks—lone as the stars
Millions of leagues in space—lone as the Sun
With not a cloud about him in the heavens.—

Yet 'mid such musings I have taken heart,
By deeming that for these remov'd ones
There is companionship we know not of,
And all-sufficing converse ;—that these Beings
With the great Spirit of the universe,
Who dwells in all things but is seen alone
Of these, do close and constant converse hold—
Such converse as would shatter meaner minds,
And paralyse to blindness weaker sense.
And I have deem'd that to their listening ears

The earth hath many voices ;—that the forms
Of Nature do address themselves to speech
In their behoof, ever instructing them
In mightiest secrets and sublimest lore.
And further that the depths of their own hearts
Are eloquent for these, revealing things
Whereof the world knows nothing ;—that high

Truths

Do come to them in dreams—that visions bring
Celestial Visitations, such as ne'er
Are witness'd, or would be believed, by those
Who dwell amid the busy hives below.

And by so thinking I am calm'd and cheer'd,
And a great weight is lifted from my heart,
By seeing how through all things there doth run
High compensation. Whilst these better thoughts
Are with me, the great minds whereof I speak
Seem to put off their mantling hermit-weeds,
And straightway are attired in sun-bright robes

Of radiant exultation, like to them
Who stand eternal on the holy hill.
And thus these souls no longer seem alone,
As our weak fancy deem'd them, but companion'd
By ministering Angels ever prompt
To cheer them, and to guide them up to God.

Or if when we no longer see them here,
We speak of them as being pass'd away,
Unbless'd by the fulfilment of their dreams,
How know we they are pass'd away indeed,
Or that in sooth such spirits ever pass?
What know we but that still they here abide,
Watching the harvest grow which they have sown,
And finding their exceeding great reward
And compensating happiness therein?

THE LOST DREAM.

WHERE shall I find thee, dream of days
gone by?

In what deep grove, beside what fabled stream,
Shall I recover thee, thou long-lost dream?
Under the canopy of what sweet sky,
Beneath what southern sun's seraphic beam,
Abidest thou? thou long-departed dream!
Lost light of youth! fair dream of days gone by!

If I put forth my boat upon the sea,
And ply the weary oar
In search of thee,
I know not on what lone untrodden shore
Thou hast thy home;
In what sea-grot, or mermaid-peopled cell

Of the blue waters, thou dost dwell,
In what deep caverns cool and twilight gloom.

Alas ! I might as well

Seek for some spent wave's snowy foam,
Submerged in the vast ocean-stream,
As search for thee, thou long-departed dream !

Ah dream, fair dream, false dream ! how couldst
thou part

From thy delightful dwelling in my heart ;
Didst thou not know that thou wert as a spell,
Making whatever thou encircledst bright ;
And lifting me into the realms of light ?
Knewest thou not that I did love thee well,
That thou wert dear as breath of life to me,
And that my very soul was merged in thee ?
Now thou art gone, I who was strong before
Shall be most weak and powerless evermore ;
The mountain-heights, where I would wish to be,
Without thine aid are inaccessible.

Return to me again ! sweet dream, come back !
Dwell with me as thou didst when life was new,
And thou wert wont with bounteous hand to strew
Bright thoughts and brilliant hopes around my
track.

Ay me ! my pathway sombre grows and black
As though beneath the shadow of the yew
'Twere leading me. Come back, sweet dream,
come back !

Restore me the blythe heart that once I knew.—
Alas ! most vain and fruitless is my prayer,
No glad fulfilment doth my longing meet,
No welcome answer my strain'd ear doth greet,
Mute are the void waves of the voiceless air,
Their silent passing leaves no token sweet
That thou hast hearken'd to my earnest cry.
Dream, thou hast died from out my world, and I
Shall never see thee more until *I* die,
Lost light of youth !—fair dream of days gone by !

TO THE ANGEL DEATH.

O ANGEL Death !

Rebuker of disquietude and strife,
And mother of Immortal Life !

The flowers of hope and faith,
When thou hast forth upon thy mission sped,
Give forth their richest and most balmy breath

Beneath thy gentle tread,
As thou dost wander all this wide world o'er,
To deal thy blessing of unbroken sleep,
With promise to the eyes that watch and weep,
That they shall watch and weep no more.

Enduring calm attends thy presence mild,

Thou takest the life-weary to thy breast,
And as a mother fondleth her sweet child,
Thou lullest them to rest.

O Angel Death !

O Pilot to the one true bourne of ease,
Upon thy shining garment blossometh
The amaranth of Peace.

THE CRY OF THE BENIGHTED.

“ What am I ?

“ An infant crying in the night,

“ An infant crying for the light,

“ And with no language but a cry.”

TENNYSON.

FROM the world's earliest times till now,
 The cry that from the earth's sad brow
 Hath gone into the deeps of night—
 The one wild long and mournful cry,
 Solemnly journeying through the sky,
 Hath been an earnest prayer for Light.

Light 'mid the labyrinth of our ways,
 Light 'mid the darkness of our days,
 Some Pilot-hope, some guiding star,
 Amid the agony and strife

Of the wild sea of human life,
To shine upon us from afar.

Up through the dark blue firmament,
An anguish'd cry from white lips sent
To the great God, whose name is Love;
O Father, merciful and just,
Look down on thy created dust,
Look down upon us from above !

Pity our weakness, lift us forth
From the foul mire-pits of the earth,
Whereto our souls so oft decline ;
Anoint us with thy saving grace,
Hide not the comfort of thy face,
But let us feel that we are thine.

Pity us, we are weak indeed,
We faint, we falter, have great need,
Father, of thy supporting hand ;

Uphold us, strengthen and sustain
On Life's too crowded battle-plain,
For 'tis through thee alone we stand.

But chiefly as we struggle thus,
We pray thee, Father, grant to us
The priceless boon of inward sight ;
Whate'er it please thee to deny,
Deny not this ; oh hear our cry,
Endow us with thy gift of Light !

MONSAL DALE.

A MEMORY.

HOW bright thy memory beams upon my soul !
 Like the soft radiance of the harvest-moon
 On upland meadows, thou dear spot of earth,
 Thou pastoral valley clasp'd in the embrace
 Of the eternal hills, that fondly hold
 Thy peaceful aspect ever fresh and fair !
 Beloved Vale ! Oasis in the waste,
 The dreary wilderness of heath-clad moors,
 And black-brow'd mountains, in the midst of which
 Thou smilest like a little paradise.
 For me, in presence of far other scenes,
 By duty chain'd to the throng'd haunts of men
 That please me little,—thou hast still the power
 To keep one green expanse of quiet thought,

One pleasant picture in my mental world,
With all the dewy freshness of the spring,
With all the sunny wealth of summer hours,
And mellow fruitage of autumnal fields,
Resting upon it. Bless'd be the power
Of memory, which thus gives thee back to me
With such unerring truth ; my mind and heart
Are with thee, wheresoc'er my lot is cast.

In those past years to which these pleasant thoughts
Trace back their advent—those delightful years
When youth's warm fancy robed the world in light,
How often at the lazy hour of noon,
In the sweet time of summer, have I lain
Reclined upon the gently swelling slope
Of rising ground—heath-clad—that overlooks
Thy beautiful expanse of emerald meads
And sheltering mountains, which still keep those
meads
Of such a joyous and life-breathing hue !

While thy small river, like a slender thread
Of sparkling silver, wound beneath the bowers
Of tangled hazle, leading thought away
To cool retreats by its clear waters' side—
To quiet nooks for studious hours o'er-arch'd
With foliage, quite impervious to the beams
Of the triumphant sun, which smote the crest
Of the fair summit where I lay and dream'd.

I loved the sunlight—there was life in it—
Ecstatic joy,—exhilarating sense
Of good and beauty. I would not have changed
My upland station 'neath the open smile
Of the blue heaven, in which I bask'd and revell'd,
For any foliage-curtain'd nook the Vale
Hid in its bosom. I was glad at heart,
Yet not with any wild unmeaning mirth,
But glad with a serene and thoughtful joy,
The tranquil feeling of a full content,
Which led the spirit on to quiet dreams.

Ah, dreams and fancies manifold were mine
In those fair days ! and I believed them all
With that large faith which appertains alone
To youth, and its unworn and trusting heart.
And when I saw the summits of the hills
Crested with gold, and turn'd my raptured eyes
To the elysian Vale beneath, which lay
Outspread in all its placid loveliness,
It seem'd no fiction of the mind to deem
Those radiant sunbeams, so divine and pure,
Were beauteous-presenced Angels, keeping watch
In solemn silence o'er a Vale in Heaven.

Dreams all, yet not all futile, for in sooth
In this our conflict with an adverse world,—
This battle for existence—this stern strife,—
Amid the throng of falling men, intent
On their self-preservation, deaf and blind
(Not willingly but by necessity)
To aught but the material—we have great

And urgent need, to gather from the world
Of high Imagination all the aids
That we can grasp to keep our spirits pure,
And scatheless 'mid the many taints and stains
Of mortal life. Surely we have enough
Of things that all men understand ! such things
Can wake no spirit-energy ; if these
Were all we sought for, then this world would soon
Stand still. No ; rather let us sometimes grasp
The wings of these strong dreams, and soar with
 them
Into a loftier region, to behold
The complex workings of the world beneath
From nobler altitudes. If we have held
The balance well adjusted in our minds
'Twixt Thought and Action, from these airy flights
No weakness shall accrue, but rather strength—
Strength infinite, and knowledge of the ways
Of Man and Nature. Is Utility
To be our God ? and is the Beautiful

To be ignored? then why was this our earth
So plenteously adorn'd with all things fair,
Fashion'd so beauteously that to the eyes
Of the pure-hearted, gazing on her charms,
She seems the prelude of that fairer world,
A foretaste of that perfect paradise
Which is to be? Rather than yield a base
And servile homage to the narrow creed
Of the utilitarian, let us seek
To blend as far as may be in this world,
Utility and beauty; knowing well
That in some far-off age the time shall come,
When this shall be accomplish'd to the full
Of its divine perfection; let us strive
To speed that bless'd advent, by desire
Of it proving its possibility.
Ah! Time elysian—dawn of perfect life!
When man and nature reconciled shall dwell
In harmony together; when the world,
Its task wrought out, its victory achieved,

Shall rest serenely in millennial peace,
Rejoicing in the unclouded smile of God.

And thou, fair Vale ! remembrance of whose pure
And paradisa! beauty, rising up
In startling contrast with the daily scenes
Of unredeem'd deformity midst which
My present lot is cast ; if I indulge
The darling wish, amid thy beauteous bowers
And emerald fields to found a peaceful home
And bourne for contemplation, I would deem
Such cherish'd wish is blameless, inasmuch
As I am conscious of this pure intent,
That for no torpid or inglorious ease,
For no excitement of the outward eye,
No enervating nourishment of self,
Nor even for mere mental luxury,
Would I seek refuge in thy solitudes ;
But rather to pursue the search for Truth
Untrammel'd ;—to work out some worthy thoughts,

In my small measure, for the good of man
And for God's glory; to hold unrestrain'd
Converse with nature, striving to trace out
That hidden link which in this complex scheme
Somewhere unites her with humanity.
No shirking of the duties to which God
Has call'd me, in creating me a man,
Lurks in my purpose. In one beaten track
Sure all men are not call'd to walk, but some,
Obedient to the Spirit's voice within,
May turn aside into the silent glades
Of lonely contemplation, there to muse
On nature and the mystery of life.
Nor are such meditations profitless,
Or void of good to the great family
In whose behoof the lonely dreamer works,
Who, if he take the love of Truth to be
The pilot of his musings, works right well
And nobly, though the world discern it not.

This is my Faith; and thus I deem it wise,
With warm heart-worship to prefer this prayer
To nature, in whose arms my spirit rests,
Trustful and tranquil as a little child.

O Mother Nature! love me as thy child,
And with thine other children cherish me;
I would claim brotherhood with woods and hills,
Rocks, vales, and singing rivers; I would learn
Their language, and through sunny summer days
Companion them: yea, all their loveliness
Enweave into my being and my mind;
And as the tender babe draws nourishment
From the glad parent's breast, dear Mother Nature,
Would I be fed by thee, and from thee draw
The milk of human kindness, for I know
That thou art full of all sweet sympathies
And pure affections, and the life they lead
Is blameless, of all such as trust in thee.

Dear Mother Nature ! 'mid a scene like that,
Whose memory lightens all my mental world,
So perfect is its loveliness, methinks
The Spirit, 'neath thy sheltering wings shut in
From the fierce passions and the ceaseless rage
Of the great outer-world, might rise in power
To something holy ; and the human heart,
By an intense communion with itself,
Grow great in a sublime simplicity,
And nobly wise in a religious lore ;
For all the phases of thy loveliness
Are as the leaves of an eternal book,
Whereon are writ, in glowing characters,
The boundless mercy and the love of God.

There comes an hour when we must bid farewell
To fairest thoughts as well as fairest things.
My dream is ended—that delightful dream
Which with magician spell hath call'd the past
Into the present, and transform'd for me

One hour of common and material life
Into a glimpse of paradise. Farewell,
Sweet Valley ! how I linger on the words,
As loath to leave thee ! but the dream dies off,
And why should I protract it ? let it go—
While to the thought of thee in these brief words—
Brief, yet as full of love as grateful sense
Of all the rapture thou hast yielded me
Can make them—I thus bid a fond adieu.

Farewell, sweet Vale ! on which the Summer Sun
Delights to gaze, and where the wanton breeze,
That bears from mountain-summits far away
The glorious perfume of the heather-flower,
Folds its light wings and rests ; where all is peace,
And pastoral quietude and loveliness,
Where the clear river mirrors on its breast
The blue of an almost Italian sky—
Temple of Solitude, a long farewell ;

Fair bourne of many musings, fare-thee-well !

The benediction of a grateful heart

Be on thee; Sanctuary of sweet Peace,

Green palace of that Angel, fare-thee-well !

TO THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

STAR 'mid our darkness ! fair Angel of heaven !

Pure warmth from above,

Solace to weary mortality given,

Spirit of Love !

List to my prayer to thee,

Show thy sweet face to me,

Rise on my longing sight,

Make me thine eremite,

All thy pure warmth and light

Give me to prove.

All that is brightest and best in our being

Cometh from thee ;

Hope of existence, sole light of my seeing,

Be thou to me.

Sad is our mortal lot,
Lonely where thou art not,
As to the Mariner
Far on the Ocean drear
Cast, when no lunar sphere
'Lumines the Sea.

Self, like a demon, possesses the spirit
Where thou art unknown ;
But once let the soul thy true presence inherit,
And the demon is gone :—
Gone to its native night,
Scared by thy form of light,
Gliding in loveliness,
Strength and devotedness,
Gliding—the world to bless—
Graciously on.

All things of earth wear an aspect divine,
Clothed in thy light ;

A wonderful spell of enchantment is thine,

Of glory and might.

Led by thy gentle hand,

Reach we the promised land ;

Beams from elysian skies

Burst on our raptured eyes,

Vistas of Paradise

Ope to our sight.

Oh ! make my bosom thy dwelling-place wholly,

Spirit benign ;

Pure aspirations and impulses holy

Bring to thy shrine :

List to my prayer to thee,

Show thy sweet face to me,

Rise on my longing sight

Clothed in celestial light,

Make me thine eremite,

Spirit divine.

THE CONFLICT.

I BEHELD a war
 The smoke and dust whereof went up to
 Heaven,

Veiling the azure deeps with crimson haze.

The Battle-field was wonderful, for lo !

It was the body of a Man ; the foes,

Lock'd in death-grapple, were the Flesh and
 Spirit ;—

And fierce they strove. I stood apart and watch'd,

Much wondering, fearing, somewhat hoping too.

Many auxiliars came on either side,

And join'd the conflict ; for the Flesh appear'd—

Temptations and Desires—a mighty host

Of mould so strange, that though the Spirit's Sword

Cleft them in twain full oft, they ever closed,
And were themselves again. Then in my breast
Hope fail'd, but grew once more when I beheld
That to the Spirit's side there came from heaven
Beautiful Beings, on quick glancing wings,
And shadowy forms gigantic of Resolves ;
And from the earth a glorious multitude,
Of great Ensamples, like the sun for brightness ;
And that there sprang fountains of holy thoughts,
With healing in their waters, to restore
The toil-spent Spirit's drooping energies.
And I beheld—though not with outward sight—
Myriads of Angel-faces gather'd round,
Watching the conflict with expectant eyes ;
And fierce that conflict grew, and still more fierce
As nearing consummation, till at last
The Spirit triumph'd, and the Flesh subdued
Sank lifeless. Then the Spirit spread its wings,
And soar'd right upward to the Throne of God,
Radiant with victory ; and bending there

Claim'd the reward of its good soldiership,
Which God withheld not ; and the Angel Death
Wreath'd her white arms around the bruised clay,
And laid it peacefully within the grave.

THOUGHTS IN DOVEDALE.

AH ! it is a thought of beauty,
That the all-wise Creator's plan
Has made Man the child of duty,
Bade him live and work for Man.

Bade us live and work together
For all high and noble ends ;
Bade us love our brothers, whether
They appear as foes or friends.

Bade us dwell in social union,
In obedience to his law ;
And from close and wise communion,
Strength to shape our life's act draw.

But in battling for existence,
Striving with an adverse fate,
Working on with firm persistence,
We grow weary soon or late.

And we turn for strength and solace,
To the rest which Nature yields ;
Drinking life-draughts from her chalice
'Mid the quiet woods and fields.

Nor is it a weak delusion
That we cherish ;—it is good
Oftentimes to seek seclusion,
And glean strength from solitude.

And dear Nature still doth woo us
To draw comfort from her charms,
For life's battle to renew us,
Nestling in her loving arms.

Therefore for our souls reviving,
To be heal'd of many a wound,
Come we hither, worn with striving
'Mid the ills that hem us round.

And hence to the wide-world going,
To life's battle will we pass,
Error from our pathway mowing,
As the mower mows the grass.

Hence unto the world returning,
With renewal of our youth,
Will we join the conflict, burning
To do mighty deeds for Truth.

Spite of this the thought comes creeping
O'er us, that perchance 'twere well
To forego this conflict-keeping,
And for ever here to dwell.

Here -- with woods and rocks around us,
Here—beside this vocal stream,
Rest, till the ideal crown'd us
With its brightest fairest dream.

How each flow'r seems bright with meaning,
How the leaves have tales to tell,
Evermore our pathway screening
Through this weird romantic dell.

How the gray rocks o'er us tower,
Seam'd with scars from brow to base,
And what thoughts of silent power
In their rugged fronts we trace.

Sure this is our sigh'd-for haven,
We will leave it ne'er again ;
Fix our thoughts alone on heaven,
And renounce the ways of men.

Ah, how false !—neglecting Duty,
Traitors to life's noblest law,
Nature would withhold her beauty
From us, and her smile withdraw.

Only to the constant-hearted,
Only to the dutiful,
Is the Spirit-light imparted
That makes Nature beautiful.

SONG LEARNT THROUGH SORROW.

Most wretched men
 Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
 They learn in sorrow what they teach in song.

SHELLEY.

AY! Song *is* learnt through Sorrow;—Grief
 alone

Can string the chords of the celestial Lyre,
 To that deep utterance which acceptance finds
 In the great Temple where Urania stands
 To weigh the merit of her worshippers.—
 Ay! Song is taught by Sorrow ; scalding tears,
 That plough deep channels in the pallid cheeks
 Down which they roll, and slowly-breaking hearts,
 For ever breaking, yet for ever strong ;
 And over all, a firm and stedfast mind,
 Unwavering in its love of all things good,

And faith in all things beautiful and true :—
These are the sources of those solemn psalms
That float above the clouds of this strange world
Like anthems of the Angels ; Pæans grand,
Immortal in their nature, which shall live,
And stir the ever-restless heart of Man,
So long as Time tenants Eternity ;
And after that, shall fuse and blend themselves
With those supernal harmonies whereof
They are a part—the harmonies of heaven ;
As starlight, when the morn awakes the world,
Is lost in the effulgence of the Sun ;
Or as the hum of an assembled crowd
Is overpower'd, when the great organ rolls
Its clouds of music through cathedral aisles.

A MEMORIAL.

SOLDIER of God ! thy fight was good,
Thy heart was large, thy will was strong ;
Brave Warrior ! who hast boldly stood
To fight for Truth, to combat wrong ;
Thine arms were words of lightning-power,
And grandly, through the darken'd hour,
Their living thunder boom'd along ;
Till loud o'er earth's tumultuous noise,
The wide heavens echoed to thy voice.

Soldier of God ! thy rest is sweet,
Thy day of glorious strife is o'er ;
The doubts that chill, the hopes that cheat,
Shall vex thy noble heart no more.
Beside the booming ocean-wave,

Thou liest in thy narrow grave,
And that lone grave, on that wild shore,
Is as a monument sublime,
To stand through all the after-time.

Soldier of God ! thy soul is blest,
Freed from its clog of mortal clay,
Beneath its Master's smile to rest
In yon far heaven's unclouded day ;
Hearing a voice which says, " Well done,
" Thou faithful Servant ! thou hast won
" The bliss which shall not pass away,
" For that thou ledd'st in fearless youth
" Mine armies in the fight for Truth."

THE STARS OF EARTH.

THE Stars of heaven, the stars of heaven !
They cluster round the crescent moon,
Their radiant myriads glow and glisten
Continuous through the night's deep noon.

The Stars of heaven—all night they gather
In yon sublime pavilion fair,
And sparkle through the solemn silence,
And fill with peace the soft blue air.

The beauteous Stars, how sweet their smiling !
How soft their light on plain and hill !
Reflected in the lake's calm bosom,
Or shimmering in the mountain rill.

The bless'd Stars ! in their pure presence

What holy harmonies have birth !

Yet still our spirits from them wander,

To rest upon the stars of earth.

For Earth has Stars as well as heaven,

Whose soft sweet eyes and gentle forms

Like guardian Angels gather round us,

And beam through all our blackest storms.

Fair fireside stars, whose steady radiance

Fills all our life with light and love ;

Dear stars of home, our spirits hold you

As sisters to those Stars above.

Bright Household Stars ! so sweet the comfort,

So large the joy your love imparts,

That dear as breath of life we hold you,

And bless you from our heart of hearts.

Ye are the sum of earth's perfection,
The crowning grace of nature's plan,
The richest treasure life affords us,
The dearest gift of God to man.

O stars of earth ! if you were wanting,
How blank those stars of heaven would seem !
Wild were our pathway then and dreary,
Small comfort left on life's dark stream.

But our sad souls by you supported,
Still find you with deep blessings rife,
Glean solace still in every sorrow,
And walk erect through mortal life.

This sovereign intellect o'er-reaches,
Thought grows, but life's best joys decrease ;
Then, your mild heart-lore steals upon us,
And wins us back to love and peace.

Beneath your gentle power, our spirits
 Grow pure as 'neath a sacred ray ;
From heaven are ye sent down as Angels
 To guide us on our devious way.

O stars of earth ! so sweet your smiling,
 Your looks of love so pure and fair,
Ye half eclipse those stars of heaven
 That twinkle through the soft blue air.

TO THE EVENING BREEZE.

AH, where hast thou been wandering, Breeze
of Even,

Through the slow lapse of these balm-breathing
hours?

From what most favour'd spot of earth or heaven,
Bringest thou this ambrosial breath of flowers?

From what oasis, from what rare retreat
Of beauty, com'st thou with this odour sweet?

Hast thou been loitering in the olden woods,
In mossy nooks where sylvan forms abide,

And lilies, ladies of the solitudes,

Look coldly down into the crystal tide
Of the small brooklet, that, in rapturous song,
Hymns their high praises as it leaps along?

Hast thou been playing 'mid the waterfalls

That fill with music many a mountain-glen ?

Hast thou been sporting in the crystal halls

Where Naiads dwell unseen of mortal men ;

And art thou come, thou wanton evening breeze,

To tell our spirits pleasant tales of these ?

Hast thou been wandering o'er the waves afar,

'Mid fabled gardens of the Hesperides ;

Or those fair isles, each lying like a star

On the broad bosom of the southern seas,

Elysian isles unvisited by storms,

And richly stored with beauty's rarest forms ?

Hast thou been eddying in the flower-crown'd

keeps

Of ruin'd castles and forsaken halls,

Where the hoar spirit of the ages sleeps,

Wreath'd with rank mosses 'mid the crumbling

walls ;

And steal'st thou thence with whisper weird and
strange,

To tell of slow decay and silent change?

Or com'st thou from white villages and farms,

Fair seated upon many a sunny slope;

Or nestling in the depth of woodland charms,

And breathing all of harvest and rich hope,

'Mid waving wheat-fields where the bearded grain

Makes glad the heart of the expectant swain?

Ah, whencesoe'er thou comest, breeze most blest,

A dear and welcome visitant art thou!

Pour thy soft balm into my aching breast,

Fan my flush'd cheek and cool my fever'd brow,

And bid this foolish heart's wild throbbing cease,

And lull my troubled being into peace.

I have been weary all this summer day,

And faint with toil and sad with many things,

But now I feel thee on my temples play,
And, like the flutter of an Angel's wings,
I hear thy gentle breath amid the flowers,
And leaves and mosses of these garden-bowers.

And straightway all my weariness is gone,
And pensive pleasure takes the place of pain.
Soft breeze, thou bear'st me Nature's benison :
Ah linger with me, leave me not again !
Breathe ever round me as thou breathest now,
And lay thy rosy fingers on my brow.

Companion me through the dim twilight-hours,
And to my sense, with ministration meet,
Bring songs of birds, and perfume of the flowers,
And babble of the brooks—all odours sweet
And sounds harmonious that in nature be,
Light winged Zephyr, bring them all to me.

Thou wilt not, wilt not linger, may'st not stay ;

Thou passest on with all thy treasures sweet ;

Then since thou fain must fade from earth away,

Ah take me with thee to thy far retreat ;

In thy soft arms enfold me, Breeze of Even,

And bear my spirit with thee into heaven.

LABOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

LABOUR—the faithful doing of the work
 God hath assign'd us, and the doing it
 With earnestness of purpose, for the good
 Both of ourselves and of our fellow-men,
 It is most worthy and most noble—fraught
 With perfect joy, and all-sufficing peace
 Of mind and heart. But doing of the work
 Which man hath set before us, with command—
 “ Do this, that I thereby may roll in wealth,
 “ And feed upon the fatness of the land,
 “ And clothe myself in rich array, and fare
 “ Deliciously, and gain great influence
 “ And mastery and dominion in the world ;—
 “ Do this—and, in the doing of it, starve,

“ And lose the form and soul of Man, and die,

“ And be trod down into the common clay,

“ And rot into oblivion, root and branch :”—

This is more vile and more to be abhorr'd,

More fraught with misery and that death of soul

Which is the greatest of all evils, man

Hath power to inflict upon his fellow-man ;—

More vile is this, and more to be abhorr'd,

Than any tyranny the world has seen

Since the beginning : tyranny more vile

Than this, we trust through all the future years,

God's Sun shall never gaze on as he rolls.

THE EARTH-BOUND AND THE DEPARTED.

THE EARTH-BOUND.

SPIRITS of the Great Departed !

Ye who dwell with the Eternal,
Far removed from mortal vision,

Past yon skies that bend above us ;
Can it be that in your memories
Any thoughts of earth may linger ?
Do ye think of us—the Earth-bound ?

Can it be that still ye love us ?

We who were of old your comrades,
We who were your fellow-soldiers,
In the great and glorious battle
That ye waged in mortal life ;

Oh! 'twould soothe us in our sorrow,
If we could but know for certain
That your radiant eyes behold us,
That they watch us in our strife.

THE DEPARTED.

YES, we love you, dearest brothers ;
Yes, we watch you, in your striving ;
We have trod the path before you,
And with you we sympathise.
If your faith were only stronger,
If your spirits' gaze were keener,
Ye would look through earth's dim vapours,
And behold our radiant eyes.

Often at our starry portals
Do we stand, and gazing earth-ward,

Look if any old familiar

Forms the upward pathway roam :

Yes, we love you, dearest brothers,

And with patient expectation,

We await in hope your coming,

Wait to give you welcome home !

A RECOLLECTION.

I SEE no more thy radiant smile,
No more I hear thy gentle voice,
Which once my being could rejoice,
And all my thoughts of grief beguile.
I call, but there is answer none ;
I whisper, but thou dost not speak ;
It is a phantom that I seek ;
Too well I feel that thou art gone.—
Yes, thou art gone—and I am left
In solitude, to mourn thee here,
And feel that I, of all things dear,
Of all things lovely, am bereft.

I bear thine image in my breast ;
Thy form is graven on my heart ;
Methinks that as on earth thou wert,
So art thou now—a radiant guest

Within the mansion of our God,
Far, far beyond yon starry skies :
My thoughts on love's strong pinions rise,
But cannot reach thy bright abode.

Methinks thy features cannot die,
For 'twas the Spirit which inspired
Thy looks with beauty, and which fired
With tender light thy dove-like eye ;
For thou wert as an angel fair,
I cannot think of thee as changed,
But that the same as when we ranged
Those paths which I was blest to share,
Thou floatest now in upper air,
An Angel here—an Angel there.

Yet I would deem that thou hast lost
One look which thou wast wont to wear,
For human life is full of care,
By ghastly shades of sorrow cross'd.

Yes, that is gone ! there is no trace
Of sadness in thy looks of love,
But all the light is from above
That rests upon thy radiant face.

Through the long day I sit and muse
On all the joy thou brought'st to me ;
I sit apart, and think of thee,
From matin-prime to evening dew,
And far into the lonely night ;
And then when sleep hath seal'd mine eyes,
Thy form amid my dreams doth rise,
And fill the aching void with light.
I dream of what no more may be,
Of days that never more may dawn,
For thou abidest with the morn,
And that is far away from me.

And sometimes on my knees I pray
That if it be His Sovereign Will,

This heart's wild beating may be still,
And this frail being fade away.
And when my heart is in the prayer
That God will give my soul release,
And take me to his bowers of peace,
It is that I may meet Thee there :
And then I feel that thou art gone
Away from me but for a time,
And that in yonder Eden-clime,
Our souls shall mingle into one.

I will not dwell amid the past,
No more in its dim chambers grope ;
It is enough that I may hope,
With glance into the future cast,
That somewhere on that unseen shore,
That bounds time's ocean drear and vast,
We two once more may meet at last,
May meet at last to part no more.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

TO him who, steadfast in his search for Truth,
Lives for that only, and accounts all else
Which woos his worship, when compared with that
As dross, mere dust, which lies upon his road
To the far goal for which his spirit pants
With thirst attainment can alone subdue ;
Who feels within him promptings of a power
That brooks of no delay, no moment's pause,
But ever spurs him on, and on, and on ;
Admits no respite, no surcease from toil,
But bids him search and search until he find,
And having found, to speak unto the world,
Careless of consequence, or how mankind
May greet the messenger, so they receive
The message ; willing to lay down his life,

If that his death may prove that message true.
To such a soul, this path of human life
Can be no path of flowers; this actual world
Can show no more the paradisal scene
Which young imagination pictured it,
But a most solemn section of God's scheme,
Peopled by stern realities, through which
The soul must battle if it hope for peace.
For him no lolling by Arcadian streams,
On sunny slopes, from out mellifluous reeds,
Evoking melody to charm the ears
Of youths and maidens shepherding their flocks,
Can evermore be possible. His goal
Is distant, and he may not pause to mark
The flowers by the wayside; the interchange
Of light and shade amid the forest leaves,—
The birds among the boughs, the mossy stones,
The fern-clad slopes, the iris lights that float
About the dewy morn, the fairy forms
That dwell within the bubbles of the brooks,

And all those myriad details of delight
That make up Nature's sum of loveliness ;
Howe'er his heart may yearn to woo their loves,
He may not stay to *catalogue* their charms,
Except so far as they may tend to aid
That mighty thought that labours in his breast—
The steadfast purpose that he holds in view :
These may be means with him, but not the end :
A passing glance perchance may cheer his path,
And aid him in the labour of his days,
But never must he *fix his rest* with these—
His eye is bent on the blue mountain peaks
That in immeasurable distance rise,
And hide within their rocky fastnesses
His shrine of hope—his goal of pilgrimage.—
His aim is mighty, and absorbs his powers
With tyrannous exaction, till he looks
On life as a great battle-field—a place
Probationary merely, where his work,
Must either be, to combat 'gainst the false

With fiery zeal, until he plant his foot
Upon its neck, and pin it with his spear
Down to the clammy clay from whence it rose ;
Or else with patient labour to build up
The beautiful and good, until the earth
With Truth's fair structures be so peopled o'er,
That Error shall find left no room to rear
Temples to her false gods, for evermore.

The bearers of unpalatable Truths
Are never welcome, for the World abhors
The light, and clings to darkness ; on the head
Of him who brings glad tidings from afar,
Heaping its measure of ingratitude ;
The world would be amused, not taught ; it seeks
To make the earnest ministers of Truth
Its servants, not its teachers. It would fain
Ignore the godlike wheresoe'er it can,
And place a jester's cap and jingling bells
Upon the brow that bears the seal of heaven.

The World would fain be solaced with a song
Of flashing fancy and of joyous thought,
A merry distich, or a pleasant lay,
Of woods and waters, fairy-land and flowers.
It bids the sad-soul'd captives take their harps
From off the willows, where they hang at rest,
And sing the songs of Zion. Truly they
Will sing the songs of Zion, but the strain
Shall be far other than their hearers look'd for.

BEESTON CASTLE.

A FRAGMENT.

THROUGHLY initiate children are we,
 Of this wonderful Nineteenth Century;
 We dwell in the very heart of the strife,
 In that mighty City, o'ercanopied
 With its wreath of blackness for leagues outspread,
 Where so much of the wonder first found life;—
 That City, the throbs and the strong pulsations
 Of whose iron potentates and magicians,
 Are felt in great shocks through all the nations,
 Moulding and changing all states and conditions—
 Felt on the mighty Indian shore,
 And on the far reaches of Labrador;—
 Felt 'neath the smiting Afric Sun,
 And where Columbia's great waters run;—

Felt in the far-off Southern Isles,
And where Asia's garden-wilderness smiles ;—
Felt where'er man hath upbuilt him a home,
From the Hottentot's hut to the Kaisar's dome.

In this City of world-felt workers dwell we,
In the heart of this nineteenth century ;
Here we live on from year to year,
Our lot is cast, and our work lies, here ;
Here we moil and here we toil,
Raking together the golden spoil,
Where the gushing springs of life upboil.

But we will breathe the air to-day,
In the heart of the country far away ;
We are weary with pacing to and fro
'Mid the crowded streets and the thoroughfares,
And the busy market-places and squares ;—
To the fields and the woodlands to-day we will go,
And renew our souls with the blessed balm

Of Nature's beauty and holy calm.
And where shall we find a spot more sweet,
And a place for such soul-service more meet,
Than that Cheshire hill on whose lofty brow
The ruin'd stronghold of long-ago—
Old Beeston Castle, hath still its seat ?
Old Beeston Castle, crumbling away
'Neath the silent touch of slow decay ;
Old Beeston Castle, grim and gray,
That shall be our bourne to-day :
Through the viewless portal arch'd overhead,
The dreamshade by dim tradition cast,
Right out of the Present into the Past,
With reverent footstep to-day will we tread :
To-day we will bend our Spirit's glance
Into the twilight of old romance ;
As one who, journeying 'mid the bloom
Of the Summer, beneath the Sun's warm smile,
May haply pause to repose for awhile,
In some mossy cavern's coolness and gloom.

We are in the Train ; o'er the wide-spread plain
Of Cheshire, we are speeding amain ;
Past quaint quiet farmsteads, centuries old,
We rush along ; past golden fields,
And ancestral woodlands fold upon fold ;
On all that the bright warm country yields
We feast our eyes, and grow glad to behold
The sunny wealth that is spread abroad,
Ripening under the smile of God.

We near our goal—we behold afar
The ruin'd stronghold of feudal war,
Looking forth from its eyrie on high,
And standing out sharp 'gainst the clear white sky :
How lonely, how lone, does that Castle seem
In the heart of this nineteenth century !
So lonely, so lone, that it seemeth to be
The ghost of some old forgotten dream
Gone astray in this age of reality.

We draw more near, and into the clear
Sweet air of the summer, as we draw near,
The iron servant that trusty and strong,
With short quick pantings tugs us along,
Sends forth a warning sharp and shrill,
That is buffeted back from the high steep hill,
As though the old warrior, that, wasted and worn,
With time and with tempest, keeps watch on its brow,
Defied the bold summons, and hurl'd it in scorn
Back on the strange unaccountable foe,
That comes gliding so swift through the plain below.

These be strange guests that have come to thee,
Thou relic of hoar antiquity !
These be new men that visit thee now,
To set their feet on thy mossy brow,
And gaze wistfully forth o'er the scene below :
These be not like thy guests of old,
The bearded warriors grim and bold,
And the stalwart bowmen tawny and tall,

That in olden time rain'd the death from thy wall ;
These be other men that now come to thee
From out of this nineteenth century,
And other arms do these visitants bear,
Of more subtle force than the sword and the spear ;
Arms that can bind or free mankind,
In battles, whose only field is the mind ;
The men of old thou wilt no more find ;
For thy wonted guests thou wilt look in vain,
Looking forth ever across the plain ;
The feudal lord, with his boisterous train
Of vassals, shall visit thee never again.

Ay, old veteran, times have changed
Since the mail'd Baron rode up to thy portal ;
(Change is the portion of all things mortal ;)
Times have changed since the forester ranged,
With his tough yew-bow, through the solitudes,
And the leafy depths, of the Delamere woods ;
Times have changed since the Ladye fair,

On her gaily-trapp'd palfrey, glided by,
Like a waft of light from the bless'd sky,
Or a beautiful presence from upper air ;
Times have changed since the lover's lute
Flung through the moonlight its serenade,
To charm the soul of the bright-eyed maid :
We know not whether his ardent suit,
His life's upbearing hope, was gain'd,
And the goal of his panting heart attain'd ;
But we know that her eyes have for ages been dim,
That for ages the mould hath lain cold over him,
That the chords of the lute have for ages been mute ;
That a mightier song, and a spirit more strong,
Now speedeth the labouring Æon along.

A RAINY DAY.

THE Rain hath fallen all the livelong day,
And now the solemn evening closeth round ;
Yet still the torrent, without stop or stay,
Heavily plasheth on the sodden ground ;
Ceaseless and changeless on the listening ear
Falleth the sound, monotonous and drear.

Not as those showers whereby the conscious earth
Is roused to gladness in the time of spring ;
Not as those showers that waken thoughts of mirth
To hear them on the green leaves pattering,
And see them glistening in the sunny ray ;
Not such hath been the deluge of this day.

One canopy of cold gray cloud hath veil'd
The face of heaven, one curtain dense and dun ;

Nor hath the utmost of his power avail'd
To ope one vista for the golden sun,
One narrow cleft through which he might look forth,
And shed one ray of comfort on the earth.

Such hath the day been, gloom enwrapp'd in gloom ;
Yet not unblest'd have pass'd the hours for me,
In the warm refuge of my cheerful room,
Surrounded by that best society
Which hath most power the heart with joy to move,
Books, pictures, and the frequent looks of love.

I have held converse with the Mighty Dead ;
I have held converse too with mine own heart ;
And I have glean'd from every page I read
Lessons of wisdom, which shall not depart
Till they have left their blessing ; they *will* bless
If we entreat them in pure-heartedness.

Immortal minds have my companions been ;
And first in place and reverence name I him
Who sat above the world with soul serene,
And to whose gaze man's life, so vex'd and dim
To other eyes, stood out distinct and clear,
As stars show through a cloudless atmosphere.

His wonderful creations were around,
Eternal presences, in words enshrined ;
Genius' most lofty works supremely crown'd,
The mightiest monuments of human mind ;
Man and Man's heart, as though by magic spell
Reveal'd—Man's heart, that wondrous heaven and
hell.

Another too was with me, whose vast soul
Was Wisdom's cave, but from its walls there gleam'd
Depending icicles, for in sooth the whole
Was frostwork, cold, yet glorious ; there stream'd
No summer sunlight into that recess,
No warm emotion, no deep tenderness.

Yet still the words that from his lips did fall
Were molten gold, and all of priceless worth;
'Twas he whom reverent Germany doth call
The chief of all the Thinkers of the earth;
The courtly sage, whose well-lived life appears
The garner'd culture of his eighty years.

And with him there came one of royal mien,
Whose upward-cleaving spirit proud and high,
Not like that other's, stirless and serene,
Struggled like sunlight in a stormy sky;
Within his eye there reign'd undying fire,
And on his lips dwelt one proud word, "Aspire!"

Somewhat apart from these, as though he dream'd
Of other worlds, stood one whose brow was crown'd
With laurel; sooth the saddest brow it seem'd
That ever by that fatal wreath was bound,
Whilst his lips trembled with a smile, as sad
And full of pain, as ever smile was glad.

And last of that high company came one,
Though not the greatest, yet more dearly loved
Than any ; he who from his mountain-throne
Hymn'd the high praise of Nature, and removed
From men, in presence of the earth and sky,
Glean'd the full harvest of a quiet eye.

He who behind the sunset did behold
A spiritual presence, and in earth and air
And trees and streams found meanings manifold,
Which he in lofty numbers did declare ;
He who reveal'd the unknown wondrous springs
Of wisdom, that abide in common things.

And not alone with the immortal dead
Held I discourse ;—the minds of some who still
Erect and firm upon earth's bosom tread,
Battling for truth and warring against ill,
Were with me in my pleasant solitude,
Heaping my table with ambrosial food.

And for these beings did I breathe a prayer
Out of the love and reverence in my breast,
That God would bid his Angel long-time spare
These souls ere they be gather'd to their rest,
That so their words of wisdom and of worth
Long time may bless and beautify the earth.

His mind was with me who with Titan-force
Hath warr'd against all insincerity,
Heaping the thunder of his honest curse
On every shallow gaud and empty lie,
Wherein the world hath trusted through long years,
And got for guerdon blood and stripes and tears.

And he the wisest of the living wise,
The great calm soul that sitteth, all serene,
'Neath the broad shadow of Columbia's skies,
Unmoved amid the ever-shifting scene ;
He who works on in quiet hour by hour,
Peopling great realms of mind with Thoughts of
Power.

And he the laurel'd Singer, whose sweet words,
Sweet as the Southern breezes stored with balm,
And strong as sweet, stir all the secret chords
Of mind and heart ; inspire and sooth and charm
Even as they list : full words, wherein we see
The flower and quintessence of poesy.

Bright gleams of beauty grace my lowly wall,
That sweetest sunshine in my chamber make ;
Leaving my books, my well-pleas'd glances fall
On field and mountain, shaded pool and lake :
Fair scenes, that to my tranquil thought appear,
Both for their own, and friendship's sake, most dear.

Sweet Derwentwater, o'er whose glassy breast
So late and oft it hath been mine to glide,
What time the sunshine smote old Skiddaw's crest,
And all the wooded islands in a tide
Of golden light were bathed, whilst from the shore
Was heard the soften'd murmur of Lowdore.

Who joys not to behold the yellow corn
Ripening beneath the Sun's autumnal rays ;
The life-upholding wealth of Nature, born
Out of the bounty of the varied days ?—
Yea, I am glad at heart as I behold
Yon wide expanse of earth's unsullied gold !

Mountainous distance next enchains mine eye ;—
Over the broad fair valley as I gaze
From this high world,—enamour'd memory
Brings back to me the long-departed days,
Until I almost seem to hear the breeze
Sough through the branches of those lofty trees.

Oh pure, white lilies !—lovely Sisterhood ;
How fair ye float upon the crystal tide,
'Neath the deep umbrage of the brooding wood !
In whose cool quiet glades calm joys abide—
Calm joys, calm thoughts, to suit a tranquil mood
Most pleased where noisy pleasures least intrude.

Hail! mighty Titan—chain'd upon thy rock ;
The Eagle's beak is sharp, his talons strong ;
But thou, unquell'd by torture's deadliest shock,
Dost triumph over tyranny and wrong ;
That which is godlike in thee baffling pain ;
All hail! free soul, despite the galling chain.

It matters nothing that thy face is wrench'd
By direst torment—'tis a transient throe ;—
It matters nothing that each nerve is clench'd
As in a spasm, thou wilt overthrow
Thine anguish ; it will pass, and thou wilt be
Thyself again—majestic, calm and free.

A mighty Statue!—he who to my care
Consign'd it, dwells beneath Italian skies ;
But he is with me here, I with him there,
Albeit a breadth of ocean 'twixt us lies ;
Whate'er I think and feel he loves, and I
With all his thoughts have perfect sympathy.

Thus hath this day for me been rich and glad,
And swiftly, ah ! too swiftly hath it fled ;
Great hath the rapture been that I have had
Conversing thus with the Immortal Dead,
And with those living who shall never die,
Having achieved their Immortality.

So hath this day for me been fair and sweet,
And Nature's sunniest beauties have been mine,
By Art's high mediation ; most complete
Hath been my converse with these things divine ;
Into mine inmost heart have I received
Their blessing ; love the victory hath achieved.

Such is my record of a rainy day :—
A simple moral from the tale I glean,
That for true hearts, whate'er the world may say,
Delight dependeth not on outward scene :
True hearts may find the cloudiest day to be
More bless'd, than the most sunny we can see.

WHAT DOTH IT ALL AVAIL?

THE days and years pass by,
 And bear life with them: Time doth onward go
 In its unceasing flow ;
 With all its blaze of splendid pageantry,
 Or blank folds of obscure monotony ;
 We journey with it, and grow old,
 And at the last
 The final bell is toll'd,
 And life's long pilgrimage is pass'd,
 And time is done ;
 And we no more behold the fair
 Day, and the splendour of the sun,
 And breathe no more the blessing of the air :
 Our race is run —

But do we end where we begun?

And is there nothing won?—

The Traveller who at morn doth start
On a long pilgrimage, with jocund heart,
Ere night close round him, and he gain
His inn of rest, shall see
Many diversities of hill and plain ;
His vision shall be fed with constant change,
And infinite variety
Of prospect rich and strange,
Woodland and lake, and fir-clad mountain-range,
And Alpine-summits in their crown'd pride,
And flowers by the wayside,
And many a wondrous sight,
In rock-bound chasm and on upland height—
Succession ever sweet and new
Of that rare beauty, wherein God
Hath, of his grace, apparell'd this abode
Of man, too oft less thankful than the clod,

Which yieldeth meet return for rain and dew.

And even so
Life's pilgrim, whosoe'er he be,
And on whatever road he go,
In his life-pilgrimage may see
Innumerable things
Of wonder, and of beauty, and of love,
To lift his thought to fields of life above,
And guide and teach him with their ministerings :
Using his proper eyes,
He may grow wise,
And glean grand lessons from the earth and skies,
Yea, drink in wisdom from a thousand springs ;
Till, at the last, he shall possess enshrined,
An image of the world within his mind.

'Tis an old tale—
Much seen, much known, and large experience had
Of grave and gay, of joyous and of sad,

Of good and bad ;

What doth it all avail ?

The traveller who hath gain'd

His inn of rest, and sunk into the arms

Of welcome slumber, (bless'd sleep ordain'd

To be the bearer of all soothing balms,)

Shall haply see,

By the mysterious ministry,

And supernatural agency, of dream,

Meadow and mountain, valley, wood, and stream,

Pass once again before his raptur'd eye,

With all their weird and wondrous pageantry ;

Only the aspect of the whole shall wear

A richer mantle of diviner light,

And all that he beholds shall seem more fair

Than ever it appear'd to waking sight :

The sunshine shall be brighter, softer too ;

A richer halo rest on every scene,

The fields and trees assume a fresher green,

And the blue sky be more supremely blue ;

Thus shall the pilgrim—now the dreamer—live
The daylight's long experience o'er again,
Only without the travail and the pain,
And with the heighten'd joy which dreams can give.

And even so
Life's pilgrim who hath gain'd his inn of rest,
And laid an aching heart and burning brow
To slumber on his loving mother's breast,
Shall have his midnight sunn'd with glorious dreams
Of all good things made perfect—lofty aims
Merged in completion ; Earth's devout essay
Made Heaven's fulfilment, and all earthly shames
Borne down, and cancell'd, by the piercing beams
Of Truth's unclouded day.

'Tis the old tale ;
Oh very very old,
And one that hath been often told ;
Are dreams realities ? are they endued

With any power for substantial good?

What doth it all avail?

Thus much doth it avail—

(’Tis an old tale,

But none the worse for being old,

Nor of less force for having oft been told.)

That of life’s pilgrims, he

Who hath glean’d most on earth

Of wisdom and of worth,

Who hath dealt best with time,

Shall be best dealt with by eternity,

And only he

Shall reap full harvests in “ God’s Eden-clime.”

MISCELLANEOUS
SONNETS.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

SELF-CULTURE.

I.

THOU see'st this world is wholly gone astray,
 Unmindful of the promise of its youth ;
 Thou see'st how widely men have err'd from Truth,
 And in pursuit of error have grown gray :—
 Thou see'st all this with grief no tongue can say,
 And in thy soul thou feel'st an urgent call
 To play an earnest part, however small,
 Tow'rd the achieving of Truth's perfect sway.
 But looking round about thee every way,
 Thou see'st huge barriers in each avenue,
 Which one man's strength can never struggle thro' ;
 Then doth thy soul cry out, " How weak am I,
 " How nothing-worth is all that I can do !
 " Sure it must be an angel from on high,
 " And he alone, shall shape this world anew ! "

II.

BETHINK thee, that if each one set to work
On his own soul, and resolutely there
Wrought on to make that temple pure and fair,
And to cast out the evil things that lurk
In its deep chambers and pollute the air ;
Bethink thee, that if each were thus intent
To shape his life as nobly as he can,
And to perfect the individual man
Up to its possible accomplishment ;
Bethink thee, how this world so torn and rent
Would then be, as by miracle, made whole,
And the free-pulsing blood of health be sent
Through all the veins of the universal Soul,
And our humanity attain the Utopian goal.

III.

WORK—'tis the grand Evangel of this Time,
The bright Archangel that doth hold the key
To the great future's looming mystery,
Its issues glorious, its rewards sublime.
Bethink thee well of this high Truth, and then
Go thou and set to work upon thyself,
And leave pursuit of fame or sordid pelf,
As it may like them, to thy fellow-men ;
Walk thou with soul self-centred 'mid the strife,
And show to all who in thy circle move,
The grand ensample of a noble life
Lived to high purpose in the light of love.
Tread thou this path by all great spirits trod,
Perfect thyself, and leave the rest to God.

IV.

PERFECT thyself—that is thy mission here ;
 In stern self-culture be thy being spent,
 In earnest labour, and development
 Of thy soul's fitness for a higher sphere ;
 Grow greater, wider, wiser, year by year,
 Wiser and wider both in heart and brain,
 Subvert to noble uses grief and pain,
 And banish doubt, despondency and fear.
 Live thou for Truth, take her to be thy guide,
 Thy soul's Ideal, and thy spirit's Bride,
 Thy goal of hope, thy heart's best loved, most dear :
 So shape each hour, that thou may'st ever say,
 “ I am a little further on my way,
 “ A little nearer her, than I was yesterday.”

A QUESTION.

A Y, we live on, good friend, from day to day,
But do we grow in wisdom as we live?
Do we take all this bounteous earth can give,
And store the treasures in our minds away?
Or do we, as the thriftless prodigal,
Let the ripe fruitage to the earth down fall,
And poor in heart and soul grow old and gray?
Ah, 'tis a solemn thought! to think that life,
By the wise will of an omniscient Heaven,
For ends far other than a May-day show,
To these strange units me and thee is given;
That 'tis a battle-field of fiercest strife
And strenuous labour, with stern teachings rife,
To fit us for the land to which we go.

MEADOW-PATHS.

THE Meadow-Paths of England, sweet are
they—

Wending in devious course 'neath hedge-rows green,
And leading into many a woodland scene,
And o'er broad uplands with bright field-flowers
gay,

Or richly laden with the harvest fair,
Or storing all the amorous evening-air
With luscious odours of the new-mown hay.—
The Meadow-paths of England—blest are we,
Whose native feet have vagrant liberty
In their sweet labyrinths at will to stray,
Through all the seasons of the summer day,
Eve, morn, and noon, and golden after-noon ;
Returning homeward 'neath a crescent moon,
What time the shrouded lands grow dim and gray.

WINDS AT MIDNIGHT.

O MIDNIGHT Winds that round my dwelling howl !

Of mystic meaning is your sound to me ;
O muffled Winds of Midnight ! can it be
That with the sadness of a sorrowing soul,
Ye, with your voice of wail, have sympathy ?
O Winds ! ye steal upon the midnight calm,
And startle silence with your solemn psalm ;
On list'ning ears advancing and retreating,
Rising in gradual swell and softly dying,
And in long cadence of continuous sighing,
Your wail of lamentation oft repeating.
O dolorous Winds, with woe ye sympathize !
O mourners, well ye suit the clouded skies !
Ye suit the clouded soul that 'neath them lies.

TO DUTY.

THOU awful Monitress!—with brow serene,
 Who look'st down calm with unimpassion'd eye
 Upon this fitful transitory scene,
 Where we, poor mortals, strive and weep and die;
 Duty, thou fix'd unalterable Law,
 Although so cold and stately is thy mien,
 Thou hast a heart for human sorrow; high
 And holy consolation we may draw
 From thy pure bosom; living in thy light,
 And walking in thy paths, we need not fear:
 No clouds obscure thy world, there all is bright,
 There all is possible, distinct, and clear;
 Therefore right on our little barks we steer,
 Firm in our strength of soul, and love of truth
 and right.

FAITH 'MID DOUBT.

AS one who travelling beneath the pall
 Of blackest night across a barren moor,
 Unknowing of his path, feels yet secure
 That if he journey on, and strive through all
 The dangers round him, morning will be sure
 To break upon him beautiful and pure ;
 So that he shall rejoice upon his way,
 And plant his footsteps firm, nor fear to fall
 Into the pits and snares which the bright day
 Reveals to view, and takes their dread away :—
 So feels the Soul amid her present night,
 So looks she forward with unshaken eye,
 And sees through Hope the morning breaking bright,
 And fixes her firm faith in God on high.

THE DOUBTER.

I HAVE great faith in thee, though withering
Doubt

Seem for a season to repress the bloom
Of spiritual life, steal its perfume,
And almost eat its very being out ;—
Still I have faith in thee, many have trod
The path before thee, and have gain'd the goal.
Thou hast a heart and mind, thou hast a Soul
High and capacious ; thou hast generous youth
And health and energy ; thou hast hope in God,
In Nature and in Man, and all these things
Shall teach thy spirit with their minist'rings,
Shall close around thee like an Angel's wings,
And guide thee as a child in leading strings,
Up the steep mountain to the seat of Truth.

ENFRANCHISEMENT.

I WILL not wrap around me for a robe
This worn-out mantle—custom ; I would be
That which my soul proclaims I should be—free
To act upon conviction ; I would probe
Even to the very centre of its globe,
The deepest depths of thought, and seek for truth
With all the force and compass of my mind ;
Why should I sink into the lethargy
Of age, while I have energy and youth ?
And if I be so favour'd as to find
The priceless gem, or to believe indeed
That I have found it, thereon will I base
My trust, and “ look the whole world in the face,”
Nor heed the thunders of dogmatic creed.

TO SLEEP.

THOU who hast fled mine aching eyes of late,
 Kind nurse, sweet ministress, consoling sleep,
 I woo thee with a prayer importunate,
 Thy moonlit station by my couch to keep;
 I do not ask thee for delightful dreams,
 For pleasant fancies, or those pageants brave
 That fill the night with paradisal gleams,—
 Thee unattended, thee alone, I crave :
 Methinks thou answerest such prayer of mine
 After this fashion, “ Mortal, I can come
 “ To no such vex’d and turbid brain as thine,
 “ With faith and peace alone I make my home,
 “ And they alone partake my perfect rest
 “ Who lay their heads on Virtue’s spotless breast.”

TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

I.

THE truth must triumph, be thou therefore bold
And resolute, though fortune seem to frown,
Thy cause is only for the time cast down,
And all that it hath lost, a thousand-fold
Shall be restored in ages yet to come :
The fire of freedom hath not yet grown cold,
The awful voice of justice is not dumb ;
I hear glad voices floating o'er Time's sea ;
That land in whose behoof thou hast enroll'd
Thy name among the martyrs, yet shall be
Partaker of the blessing, great and free ;
The death-knell of oppression shall be toll'd
By the strong hand of outraged liberty,
And all the honest praise be given to thee.

II.

RIGHT royal spirit, we have done our best
To greet thee fitly, could we have done more
It had been blythely done, for ne'er before
Hath this dark-looming city of the west
Been visited from any foreign shore
By such a welcome, so revered, a guest ;
Each true man's heart was bounding in his breast
With honest rapture, as thy car roll'd by,
The soul's sincere emotion was express'd
By tears, warm tears, that stood in many an eye ;
Ah ! from the heart's full chambers came that cry
Of gazing thousands, who felt glad and blest
To circle thee, even in adversity,
Thou great High Priest of sacred Liberty.

TO ———

HOW many maidens do we daily see
Flitting before us in the dizzy dance
Of human life, that are not worth one glance
Of those soul-beaming eyes now bent on me ;
O radiant maiden ! I perceive in thee
All those rare virtues and adornments blent,
That make our mortal nature excellent,
That raise and dignify humanity ;
For thou hast beauty, both of outward form,
And of the soul, which is diviner far ;
A mind self-centred, and at peace ; a heart
Right warm and womanly to its inmost part ;
And thou dost shine above us like a star
That looketh down serenely on a storm.

TO ———

ALLEGRO—'tis the fitting name for thee,
Light-hearted yet true-hearted maiden ! thou
Who wear'st so well upon thy broad bright brow
The seal of innocent mirth, and sprightliest glee.
Oh, 'tis thy very warmth and truth of heart,
The generous promptings of thy nature, free
From aught of evil, these it is impart
To every act, and look, and tone of thine,
The witching grace of breeze-like liberty
Whose sparkling radiance is not less divine
Than the more pensive beauty we may see.
Ah, wheresoe'er thy lot be cast, may trace
Of sorrow still be banish'd from the place,
Smiles only should be seen on that sweet face.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

THEY steal upon us—how and whence they
 come

We know not—Solemn thoughts, amid the crowd
 Of other thoughts ; each like a gold-fringed cloud,
 Slow-sailing o'er the else unvaried dome
 Of the blue summer-heaven ; they soothe and bless
 Like wells of water in the wilderness ;
 They purify the inward eye, they raise
 Our earth-bound spirits to a loftier height,
 O'er the low narrow circle of our days,
 And fill the heart with peace, the mind with might ;
 They deal us holiest joy in amplest dole,
 From withering doubt and fear they make us free :
 Oh, whencesoe'er they come, whate'er they be,
 They are like heaven-dew to the fainting soul.

A QUIET PLEASURE.

FORTH to the green fields, after the great bustle
And weary turmoil in the town all day ;
To sit among the leaves and hear them rustle,
Lovingly to the balmy evening gale,
Whispering in undertone its tender tale ;
To watch the streamlet o'er its pebbles play,
And list its clear voice as it softly singeth
Sweet songs, which from its naiad-guarded fountains
In the recesses of the lonely mountains,
Amid fair pastoral valleys far away,
And haunts of sylvan solitude, it bringeth.—
O quiet joy, that all our being thrills ;
O blessed peace, that the whole spirit fills ;
O charm to soothe away a thousand ills.

TRUTH.

AH where does she, the sacred Vestal, dwell?
 Upon what cloud-based, heaven-encircled
 height,

Upon what mountain summit, lumined bright
 With hallow'd radiance inconceivable,
 Hath she her lofty seat? Ah might mine eye
 Have but one transient momentary glance,
 Divine unknown, of her fair countenance
 Then would I gladly lay me down and die!
 Oh needless longing!—Truth hath its abode
 In all things, everywhere; and wheresoe'er
 The omnipresent God is, Truth is there
 As well; for God is Truth, and Truth is God:
 But only they whose hearts and minds are pure,
 May see her beauty and her peace secure.

BEAUTY IN ALL SEASONS.

EACH season has its charms ; this visible earth,
 This favour'd home of ours, is ever fair
 And beauteous, whatsoever garb it wear ;
 Whether the tender Spring, with a new birth
 Of genial warmth, fulfil the soften'd air ;
 Or Summer call the flowers' perfections forth,
 And rain into the depths of the old woods
 Her gorgeous sunshine, or with thick-set leaves
 Make closer coverts of those solitudes ;
 Or buxom Autumn, with her rich brown sheaves
 And mellow fruitage, strew the happy lands ;
 Or hoary Winter from his wrinkled hands
 Shake down the snow, and send the wind that
 grieves
 In a strange language no man understands.

WINTER.

AY, there is store of beauty to be found,
 When rough old Winter, with his willing train
 Of storms and snow-clouds, sweeps o'er hill and plain,
 And flings the close links of a despot's chain
 O'er everything that breathes of life around ;
 When clear and cutting comes the frost-charged
 breeze,
 And rings, beneath the tread, the harden'd ground,
 Rings sharp and clear with a metallic sound ;
 When graceful snow-wreaths deck the bare black
 trees,
 And 'mid lone rocks and solitudes profound,
 Frost, the magician, works rare trceries.
 Yes, equal Beauty may in Winter be
 As dwells in any season we can see ;
 Beauty of diverse kind, but equal in degree.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

THE earth revives ; old Winter, in his shroud
 Of snow, bedeck'd with tears of frozen rain,
 Hath been borne from us by his sullen train
 Of cold ungenial mist, and storm-charged cloud,
 And wailing winds lamenting long and loud.
 The tender Spring is with us once again,
 And 'neath her virgin-footstep hill and plain
 Give forth their liveliest growth of cheerful green,
 While in the woodland nooks fair infant-flowers are
 seen.

Ah, may this influence which now permeates through
 The yielding earth, reach also to the heart !
 May that experience renovation too !
 That so upon life's journey we may start
 Afresh, with hopes revived and courage new.

THE DREAMER.

WHAT care I for the world? they come and go,
 These crowds, and leave me as they found
 me, calm ;

Their hopes and their ambitions have no charm
 To lure me forth to join their onward flow ;
 I have a world whereof they nothing know,
 And tranquil musings which do yield me balm
 In every sorrow ; I can shut mine eyes
 And instantly upon my soul arise
 Bright visions, gorgeous dreams, realities
 Transcending theirs—mine is the happier lot,
 On sure foundations are my raptures built,
 My wealth is all pure gold, their's outside gilt :
 Thou dost demur, believe it if thou wilt,
 And if thou wilt not, why, believe it not.

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